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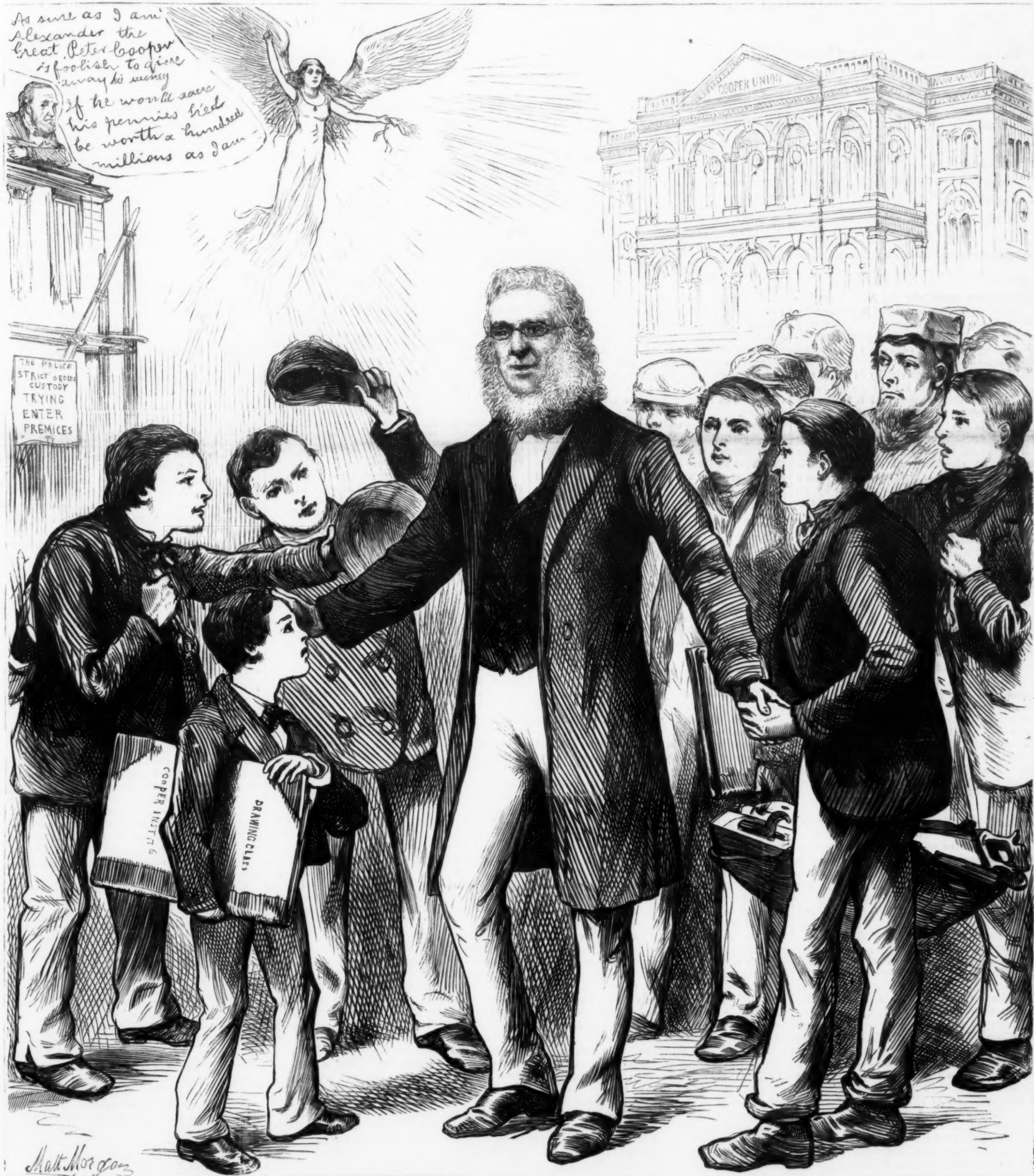


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FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, MARCH 7, 1874.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND NEWSMEN.

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FRANK LESLIE.

REPUBLICAN STATICS.

AT last two journals of the Administration with courage somewhat tempered by wholesome unrest, have explained why the rumors of dissolution in their party were unfounded. "The party," says President Grant's ablest organ, the Washington *National Republican*, "has still abundant vitality in it; in fact it is stronger to-day than it has been for years, for the all-sufficient reason that it has not to-day anywhere an organized opposition." But the reason is not "all-sufficient." In the first place, if a majority of the people are opposed to the rule of the Republican Party, their votes, in an election, will determine their organization. Faith is always stronger than a machine. In the second place, it is by no means certain that the Republican Party is strongly organized. It may now be in the ante-mortem condition of the old one-horse shay, which disappeared in a moment. The Boston Republican opposition to Simmons, the New York opposition to such "leaders" as Murphy and Davenport, the discontent with Carpenter in Wisconsin, show that the Republican party entrenched in Washington cannot arbitrarily command the support of the voters who carried its torches in the campaign of '72.

If the question in a general election to-day were between the continued power of the Republican Party and the ascendancy of the Democratic Party, the former would doubtless receive a majority of votes. But the problem is no longer a question of mere parties. The men who have been Republicans, but who nervously and timidly criticize Republican measures, do not dream of becoming Democrats. In wanting something higher than Tom Murphy and the New York *Times*, they are not likely to seek it by going down to Merrimon and the Chicago *Times*.

Both parties are now living on their past, and the nearer they come to the present time the less they have to show. Republicanism was once a rousing sentiment, and its progress was a crusade. Greeley was its Peter the Hermit, and Lincoln was its Richard of the Lion Heart. But, soon, its progress became merely a triumphal march, with captives, and heads dangling from saddle-bows, and booty divided by the way. And when the Presidential organ speaks proudly of Raymond, Chase, and Seward, we wonder why the Havana organs do not excuse the acts of Burriel by rhetorical reference to the Marquis of Cadiz, to Isabella, and to the Cid. A hundred Lincolns in their graves could not save a party that deserved to die. Chase cannot inspire Richardson. Does the cool, deliberate pen of Raymond give zest to the "journalists" who, like the people of the Arctic regions, stand still and see the sun make their own shadows go round them?

There are men of talent and of virtue in the Republican Party; but we have little faith in talent hid in a party napkin, or in the dawdling virtue that sucks its thumbs. Their error is that they ransack the graveyards in order to find a Republican sentiment. They do not know how to choose living men. Grant had Evarts before him, and selected Waite. This littleness pervades the party. The country shudders at the statesmanship that takes vengeance on Sumner and Banks, and prepares itself for the future by giving power to Simmons, of Boston, and Davenport, of nowhere.

Cowardice reigns in the entire rank of the Republican Party. There is not one among the once virtuous men of the party who has the courage to drive the money-changers and dove-sellers out of the Republican temple. If Mr. Sumner raises his voice he is ostracised, and party journalism has become so small and contemptible, that Mr. Curtis and Mr. Smalley cannot sink their own dignity so far as to accept offers of a great organ in New York, from a party that claims immunity from death because it once knew a Chase, a Greeley, and a Raymond.

Yet we do not believe the Republican Party will easily or speedily die. If its masses are losing faith in the leaders, they have not lost faith in themselves. The leaders must go to the wall, and the men who, like Sumner, Banks, Fenton and Schurz, had the courage to criticize the corrupt measures of the party, must be welcomed back. No dependence can be placed upon Grant or the leaders for destroying monstrosities. They see them, but will not drive them out. But the people themselves will undertake to rid New York of Murphy's gang, Louisiana of Kellogg's party, and Boston of Simmons's crowd. The intelligence of the party is still alive, and keen; but it does not assert itself among the cowardly and self-appointed leaders.

RELIGIOUS CRUSADES AND PANICS.

IT is well known that dethroned kings, de-feated statesmen, hopelessly bankrupt merchants, and men of all classes who have in worldly affairs met with irremediable ruin, have a tendency to seek consolation in religion. There was Cardinal Wolsey, an hour before his disgrace, wrapped up in ambitious dreams of the Popedom, and an hour after it charging Cromwell to "fling away ambition;" and, professing that he had never been so truly happy. Señor Gil Blas of Santillane, in his delightful sketches of men and manners, does not omit to notice this trait, and describes the Count d'Olivarez, the dismissed prime minister of Philip the Fourth of Spain, as being every day more pleased with the quiet and peaceable life which he was compelled to lead. "His Excellency," says Señor Gil Blas, "would no longer hear any news from Madrid, his whole care being now engrossed in preparing for his latter end." Even Napoleon became a little religious at St. Helena; his faith in heaven increased as his confidence in his own destiny declined.

Communities, as well as individuals, seem to be governed by this principle. Terrible calamities, such as the plague in London, and the great fire, are generally followed by religious revivals. There was a religious revival in this country after the cholera season of 1832, and another after the panic of 1857. People are apt to become pious when they become poor, and we all know very well what even the devil himself wanted to be when he was sick. But it is not poverty in itself that tends to make men religious; it is the loss of riches. It is not the privation of that we never had, but our sorrow for that which is taken away, which disposes us to serious reflection. The reader will find little trouble in recalling instances of these truths in history. After the French revolution, and the hunger which had preceded its horrors, the Catholic Church obtained greater command of the people; and in this country the *Credit Mobilier* exposures revealed a body of Christian statesmen whose existence the public had not even suspected. Congress was astounded to find itself so pious.

But the revivals which follow the general misfortunes of society are not always purely religious; sometimes they are moral. A remarkable case of this kind is the whisky war, which originated in Southern Ohio, last December, and is extending into Indiana and other Western States.

It commands attention as a singular manifestation in modern times of the same kind of moral enthusiasm which produced the Crusades. The character of this new crusade confirms our opinion of its origin. It arose out of the financial panic which the failure of Jay Cooke precipitated upon the whole country. It is true that the evils caused by the sale of intoxicating liquors must have been extreme in Ohio to have aroused the women to such unprecedented action, and to have induced them to adopt such extraordinary methods; yet it is likely that in times of prosperity and confidence these evils would have been endured, or only attacked in customary ways. But the panic had caused an upheaval of society; people were distressed in the present, and alarmed for the future. The women saw in every tavern an enemy to them and their children. The wife looked upon the wine-glass as her most dangerous rival. They saw the wages of the men diverted into the liquor-stores, and suffering goaded them into action.

The object of this female crusade is moral; but the methods are, to a large extent, religious. The ladies do not try to convert souls, but to stop whisky-drinking. They aim to close the liquor stores "by peace, persuasion, and prayer," and the success they have met is wonderful. The crusaders move upon a settled plan in each town. First, a general consultation; second, a public meeting with clergymen upon the platform; third, the appointment of "the best women in town," one

hundred for every thirty taverns; fourth, daily visits of these women to the taverns, for pleading, song, and prayer. If they can obtain entrance to a drinking-place, they pray and sing hymns in the barroom; if they are excluded, they have a religious meeting in the street. The committee is divided into relief parties, and thus the exercises are kept up, without intermission, from morning to night. It must be hard to sell rum under such circumstances, and it is not strange that in town after town every tavern-keeper has surrendered. In places where the liquor-sellers are determined not to yield, the ladies are equally resolved not to fail: they hoist the black flag on the church-steeple, and declare that it shall never be pulled down till the victory is won.

This is the character of a crusade the history of which is already rich in adventure and incident. The movement is wonderful for its absorbing and sustained enthusiasm, but we believe that it would have been impossible but for the panic. We doubt that there was ever a genuine "revival," political, moral, or religious, that was not preceded by a public calamity. The depression of mind which is caused by trouble is followed by unusual enthusiasm when an object is presented to work for. But as the cause is temporary, so must be the result. This Temperance movement will do much good while it lasts, but must inevitably decline and disappear. It will resemble the Crusades of the Middle Ages, which began with kings and armies marching to the Holy Sepulchre, and ended in a mob of children, who were scattered and lost along the frontiers of Europe.

THE FINANCIAL KNOT.

BOTH houses of Congress, by their gropings after truth in financial matters, might move us to pity, were it not that their evident earnestness is worthy of admiration. It is really refreshing to see a body of men whose purity is tainted by *Credit Mobilier* frauds, by the "back-pay steal" (as it is called in the *Doric*), and who are so blinded by party feeling that the Louisiana "monstrosity" cannot be shaken off, set themselves diligently to work to try to master the alphabet of finance. In the imperfect and rudimentary state of knowledge which prevails on this subject, it is not surprising that each member has his own pet project, and that party lines, which on purely political matters are closely drawn, fall apart in this, if only to unite again in strangely composed fragments. But it is satisfactory to find that in the various schemes proposed there is no latent jobbery, and however delusive and mischievous, they are at least well meant, and, apparently, honestly upheld.

But as in religion and morals profound convictions and honesty of belief are no excuse for fundamental errors, so in matters of finance just now of vital importance to the nation purity of purpose merely cannot condone a palpable heresy, and it is with regret that we perceive many such heresies are still prevailing to the infinite detriment of our common interests. Perhaps some excuse for these may be found in the fact, little considered, that to devise any true monetary system, the first necessity is a true and solid basis of Money. All that we have here is an airy superstructure of promises. The National Banks promise to pay dollars on demand. When dollars are demanded, they pay—what? promises of the Federal Government to pay yet other dollars; and when we seek this long-promised and ever-vanishing dollar, lo! it is not! How is any true and firm system of finance to be built on this unsubstantial basis of perpetually unredeemed promises? At the best it is only a struggle as to whose broken promises shall be our national currency—whether the broken promises of the Federal Government, or the broken promises of the National Banks.

It is therefore apparent that the first thing to be done, in order to have a good basis to construct a financial system upon, is to return to specie payments, and to let us see the real dollar so long promised. Till this is done, the rival systems now before Congress—of National versus Federal issues of paper—are mere delusions, as a very slight consideration will show.

One party clamors for free banking. That is, an unlimited issue of promises to pay on security of Government bonds, such notes of issue being redeemable at certain fixed places; and it is theoretically supposed that the banks will call in their issues when there is a superabundance in the market. But, if the promoters of this scheme are not laughing at the people, we might seriously ask, In what are the banks to redeem their notes? If in other notes—for, be it remembered that it is at the same time proposed to contract or abolish the greenback or Federal notes—what a mockery is this so-called redemption. It is an insult to common sense to suppose the redemption can be in specie. Since, then, the notes of the proposed free banks cannot be paid in specie, and no one cares to exchange one bad note for another equally bad, what becomes of this farce of redemption?

Then there is the cry for elasticity, a most desirable virtue certainly in any monetary system. But how are you going to impart elasticity to what is in its own nature most rigid and inflexible, namely, a fixed issue of paper money? It is just possible that the

popular delusion on this subject may have its origin in the notion that the qualities of hardness and inflexibility which characterize gold and silver, as opposed to the softness and pliability of paper, are found also in their uses as currency. Whereas, in fact, the most elastic currency conceivable is that of paper issued in a certain ratio to gold, for the simple reason that other nations will take gold from us, or send it to us, according to the requirements of commerce, whereas they will have none of our irredeemable paper. We must, therefore, keep it at home and make the best of what there is no central power to increase or diminish as the trade of the country may require. The increase of greenbacks is a forced loan, and though Congress may from motives of expediency legalize the overissue already made, it is none the less, as has been demonstrated by our contemporaries, a robbery of the people.

To diminish the volume of greenback circulation, as was done by Mr. McCulloch, would be the political death of any Secretary of the Treasury who should dare to propose it, yet if this country is ever to return to specie payments, and to assert its rank among the nations who redeem their promises to pay on demand, we confess we see no way to such distinction save through the painful and perilous path of contraction. Most certain it is that any legislation tending towards an increase of greenbacks beyond the three hundred and forty-four millions in circulation prior to last September, or of the present issue of National Bank notes, is but a step in the direction of national disaster, and that no matter with what checks and safeguards and promises we may surround such increased issues, we must sooner or later, amidst many sorrows and sufferings, retrace our erring steps.

If we are correctly informed from Washington, the Federal Government has reissued a far larger amount of the (so-called) reserve of forty-four millions than its partisans dare to avow. It is most natural therefore that it should seek to have such doubtful action legalized by Congress. We trust Congress will grant no such absolution. Should it refuse, and the Treasury be thereby embarrassed, there are regular and constitutional methods of relief open to it. But there is no security for the honor of the country, or safety for its commercial interests, if a printing-press and a few sheets of damp paper can be made to do the duty of taxes lawfully imposed, and of economy wisely and scrupulously carried out.

A HINT FOR MEN.

THE attempt of the Western women to abolish intemperance by shutting up the places where spirits are sold is erroneously said to have developed a religious phase since it has been in progress. Careless or superficial observers have had their attention attracted by the ostensible object of the movement, and, regarding it as nothing more than a new manifestation of the horror which sober women have of intemperance, have assumed that its essentially religious character is necessary, both in point of importance and time.

But the truth is, the so-called whisky war is only an accidental phase of a religious excitement. A "revival" of religion is the usual result of a great financial panic, and such a revival begins uniformly among women. The life of a woman is wholly emotional. When a man, embarrassed or ruined by a panic, banishes his grief at his losses by energetic effort to retrieve them, the women of his family, who share with him the discouragement and unhappiness of the calamity which has overtaken them, have not his subsequent remedy in renewed activity. Prone, alas! to view all things from an emotional standpoint, a woman, in time of panic, does not dwell so much upon the mistakes and entanglements which may have wrought the ruin which has reached her home as upon the fact of the unhappiness which oppresses her. It is to religion that she naturally turns for relief from this unhappiness.

There was a religious excitement in the West that was rapidly culminating in the usual revival, when an accidental impulse turned it in the direction of temperance reform. In a normal state of feeling such scenes as have recently been witnessed in towns in Ohio and Indiana would have been impossible. To pious women not abnormally excited the proposition that they should visit low grogshops and hold prayer-meetings in the barrooms and in front of billiard-saloons would have seemed both absurd and repulsive. To women already in a mental condition which fitted them for any religious extravagance this proposal was welcome. The prayer-meetings in the Western barrooms are due to this "revival" spirit that is rapidly spreading over the country. The sudden thought of some eager enthusiast sent the women to pray in liquor-saloons instead of meeting-houses. This peculiar phase of the movement may or may not remain a fashion, but the religious excitement underlying it, and from which it springs, will spread far and wide—unless former precedents are to be reversed.

As in all other cases, the excitement will sooner or later extend to men in all ranks of life. And it is this fact which gives a peculiar importance to the anti-rum-selling movement in which female enthusiasm is now manifesting

itself. Heretofore, when the quiet "revivals" have reached the sterner sex, the latter have been far more demonstrative than the women. It is chiefly by men that the wild and rapturous addresses which characterize "revival" meetings are made. The women are accustomed to show their emotional excitement in public mainly by decorous weeping; but the men far surpass them in the quantity and obtrusiveness of their tears. Now that the women have set the example of publicly attacking popular vices by prayer and psalm-singing, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that the men will follow it.

But how will they follow it? The women who are trying to break up the business of liquor-selling insist that the liquor-sellers are making drunkards of the husbands and sons of the praying crusaders. Intemperance is, according to them, a masculine vice, and their campaign is a war of one sex against the vices of another. What if the men should presently, swayed by the magnetic influence of the revival spirit, essay to emulate the female war on masculine vice by an organized attack on the vices of women? Men certainly have not a monopoly of vice nor women of prayer; and praying bands of men may yet undertake to rescue women from the dominion of the vices and fetters of fashion.

It would undoubtedly be a curious sight were a band of thirty men, including gray-haired lawyers and beardless brokers' clerks, to enter, some pleasant morning, the establishment of a prominent *modiste*, and announce their intention of continuing prayer and singing until the proprietor should consent to pledge herself never again to pander to female extravagance by making and selling costly dresses. If systematic attacks of this kind were to be made on all the dressmaking and bonnet-making shops in this city, it is probable that they would produce at least as much effect as the women's prayer-meetings have produced upon Western liquor-dealers. A like plan of campaign carried out against the purveyors of false hair, and of the corsets, which, according to Dio Lewis, ruin our women for time and eternity, might accomplish vast results. Perhaps some veteran dealer in "switches" and curls might be induced, like the rumrunner Van Pelt, to destroy her stock-in-trade, and to accompany the praying-bands in the character of a converted hair-seller. How forcible would be his appeals to hardened and obstinate hair-sellers to turn from their demoralizing trade, and no longer to pander to the depraved desires of their sex! Or with what eloquence would the converted corset-dealer describe her holy joy when she saw her last "glove-fitting corset" perishing in the flames, and felt that never more would she return to the infamous trade of selling that which squeezes the vitals of the women of America. Perhaps Miss Anthony would consent to lead the male crusaders, as Dio Lewis leads the temperance Amazons, and thus the parallel between the two reforms would be made complete.

After all, were this seemingly exaggerated vision of masculine religious enthusiasm to actually come to pass, we should only be seeing in the streets of New York what Florence saw in the days of Savonarola centuries ago. Under his vigorous preaching, bands of penitents were organized, who compelled, partly by entreaties and partly by threats, women to throw their false hair, their rich dresses and their jewels into the flames. Our women who are now so eager to induce liquor-dealers to knock out the heads of their whisky-barrels are reproducing, so far as in them lies, the enthusiasm of Savonarola's rule. They ought to reflect that the parallel may be carried further, and that the Florentine men, who suppressed fashion so rudely and so thoroughly, may yet be imitated by the praying lawyers and psalm-singing brokers of American cities.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

THE Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided a very knotty political problem, to the effect that there is nothing in the Constitution of that State preventing a woman from holding office as a School Commissioner. "Is there anything in that Constitution prohibiting a woman from being Governor?"

THE Indians are no longer to be slaughtered in cold blood. President Grant persists in his determination to uphold the peace policy. And, though the Indians are treacherous, and likely at any time to break into war, it appears that the President's policy is a just one. "Lo" has been more sinned against than sinning; and he must have somewhere to lay his head.

MR. JAMES G. CLARK, the composer, has set to music the sadly exquisite poem, from the pen of Hugh F. MacDermott, recently contributed to our columns, under the name, "Do not Sing that Song Again." It is dedicated to Whitelaw Reid. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in speaking of this poem, recently wrote, "If I could sing as I once thought I could, I would make the air vocal with 'Do not Sing that Song again.'"

THE politicians' party in California, if one may judge by the tone of the Central Pacific Press, feels so much discouraged by the election of Governor Booth to the Senate, that it preserves stolid and cowardly silence. Now that Booth is elected it surrenders, and does

not dare to point its arrows at his corsage. Indeed, they are so sensitive and amiable about Booth that their sharpest shafts of irony are considerably feathered with the plumage of some rhetorical bird-of-paradise. This is pretty, but it is not politics.

JOHN STUART MILL, though a cold man, showed in his works bits of half-suppressed sentiment that made us believe that he had a much deeper sense of "the humanities" than the didactic quality of his subjects developed. It seems that a posthumous book of his on "Human Nature" is soon to be published. We hope it will contain a solution of the mysterious problems which in his lifetime he only touched.

THE Havana Casino is in political trouble. The workmen, who are mostly Spaniards, have joined the party which demands an independent Cuban Republic. The abolitionists are on the same side. Riots, incited by Communists, have occurred in front of the Captain-General's palace; and the reign of the Volunteers is by no means secure. The Cubans are very quiet, and they are rapidly making advances towards the seaports, which are weakly held by the Spaniards.

MARSHAL MACMAHON insists that he was elected President of France for seven years; and the sensitive and vacillating French mind does not complacently regard the prospect of so great stability in government. But the President, and his strong-willed head of the ministry, the Duc de Broglie, threaten to maintain their alleged rights by force of arms. Meanwhile French trade suffers, and the people, urged by the doctrinaires, have little faith in the men with the epaulets.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Liberal Party has lost the British elections, and Mr. Disraeli's Conservative Party has won. Mr. Disraeli is now Premier of England. The aristocracy have won a decided triumph, and Mr. Bradlaugh's followers are placed at a political disadvantage. The change is great because it is a change of a Government of many years' standing. Mr. Gladstone was an innovator, and behind him was a crowd of radicals disposed to change land laws, and customs of government, and habits of trade. The sluggish English mind is active in one direction; its power of gravitation is great; and in the elections it was earnest in saying by vote that it would not budge an inch further. So it voted against Mr. Gladstone's possibilities. The American radical wants to divide up personal property; the English radical wishes to divide up real estate; and the English voting population decided not to divide anything at all. When the crowd threatened excesses, and when Mr. Gladstone promised to compromise with men who made the threats, the middle class of Englishmen determined that they were safer under the aristocracy. Mr. Gladstone's seat in the House of Commons is secured to him, and he may achieve more as an Opposition advocate than he could have done as Premier. Agitation, too, may be as greatly encouraged when it is compelled to fight an entrenched aristocracy, as it was when it was petted by a friendly Government that really had no policy. Mr. Disraeli has formed his British Ministry. Liberals prognosticate that it will not last longer than three sessions. The Earl of Derby, who has been selected for Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is in the prime of his life; and it is likely that, from Mr. Disraeli's promises, his course will be a restriction on that of Mr. Gladstone's policy. The Earl is a social reformer and an able political economist. Lord Cairns, the new Lord Chancellor, is an impassioned orator. The principal question before the new Ministry is that of the finances; but whether any reforms will be made in the finances, or the franchise, does not appear from anything that Mr. Disraeli has said. The Conservative Party has won the Government simply by opposition; and from all we can learn, it seems that the course of the Ministry will be that of a flashing crystallization.

ASSYRIAN INSCRIPTIONS.

M. MENANT has rendered a service to science by the publication of his Assyrian annals. Hitherto the information which is to be found in the cuneiform inscriptions had supplied materials only for monographs, or for explanatory notes such as those printed by Sir H. Rawlinson in his translation of Herodotus and in his "Great Monarchies." M. Menant is the first scholar, we believe, who has arranged these numerous documents chronologically, so as to place before us a complete set of *Fasti* in which the Assyrian despots are left to speak for themselves. It is very noteworthy, as our author remarks, that no people of antiquity ever took so much pains to send down their records to posterity. The history of Nineveh and Babylon is engraved on marble, on brick, on stone; it covers the walls of temples and of palaces; columns, cylinders, tablets of every size and shape are filled with it, and wherever any space remains available between two series of bas-reliefs, there rows of cuneiform characters appear in quaint array. M. Menant observes that in certain edifices every single brick bears a stamped inscription containing the name and genealogy of the monarch who caused them to be erected. This *cacoethes scribendi* has proved an inestimable boon to the students of antiquity, for the result has been an accumulation of historical

evidence such as never was realized before. We may add that the burnt clay used for the purpose of preserving these documents is almost indestructible, and the most terrible imprecations were fulminated against any person bold enough either to destroy or to deface them; hence the mass of data now within our reach, which seems perfectly incredible considering its extreme antiquity.

DICKENS'S SECRET.

AN eloquent writer in the New York Herald, reviewing the last volume of Forster's "Life of Dickens," condenses the story of Dickens's trouble with his wife. The story shows how a sensitive nature meets sorrow with strange cowardice.

"We do not sympathize with that morbid and unhealthy sentiment which gloats over the frailties of men of genius—the unhappiness of a Byron, a Shakespeare or a Milton. Men like these, supremely gifted and richly endowed, have lives apart from the doings and adventures of the mere body. However Byron may have sinned, to us he is and always must be 'Childe Harold.' But Dickens during his own life called attention to his sorrows, and, after dismissing his wife and the mother of his children from a home in which she had lived for a quarter of a century, publicly entreated the world to justify him in the act.

THE BEGINNING OF UNHAPPINESS.

"Mr. Forster leads us up to the time of separation by a delicate analysis of the novelist's character. Despairing society and failing to find in his home those satisfactions which the true home-life demands, a tone of restlessness became apparent about 1857. If Dickens had any social tendencies it was for those beneath rather than those above him in life. This is attributed to defects of temperament coming from early trials and successes. Mastering fortune and fame, he did not attain renunciation and self-sacrifice. Until 'Copperfield' was finished his life was in his books. [The Herald reviewer does not seem to remember that striking passage in 'Copperfield' where Dickens (Copperfield) with Agnes before him, while he is married to Dora, lets Dora die, and gives her dying speech, a reflex of his own dreams. An editorial article in the Herald, however, seems to cover the sentiment, where it says: 'This was asked by every one who had wept over Dora, or found a dream of perfect love in Agnes.'] His friendships were with the creatures of his rich and marvelous fancy. Combined with habits of singular prevision, method and order, he had an impatience of nature, rushing at enjoyment without counting its cost. After 'Copperfield,' his imagination seemed to fail, to want a spur. So, as Mr. Forster noted, 'there came from time to time intervals of unusual impatience and restlessness, strange to see in connection with his home.' Old pursuits were laid aside for new occupations and excitements—political addresses, private theatricals, readings, 'strolling, wandering ways,' a craving to find some means by which life might become easier. This craving called from Forster the remonstrance of friendship, and to one of these entreaties we find Dickens, in 1857, saying, sadly: 'I have no relief but in action. I am become incapable of rest. I should rust, break and die if I spared myself. Much better to die doing.' Other letters breathe strange yearnings. At one time he wishes to live in the Pyrenees for six months. Then he has an idea of living in Switzerland, above the snow line, in 'some astonishing convent.' 'Am altogether in a disheveled state of mind—motes of new books in the dirty air.' 'Why is it,' he cried, 'that a sense comes always crushing on me, as of one happiness I have missed in life, and one friend and companion I have never made?' 'Again the 'serious idea' of a Winter on the top of Mount St. Bernard, with the monks and dogs for a whole Winter. Another time his fancy flies to Australia, only he will finish 'Little Dorrit' before leaving. 'The old days! the old days!' he moans, 'shall I ever, I wonder, get the frame of mind back as it used to be then?' 'I feel that the skeleton in my domestic closet is a pretty big one.'

"Then came the sorrowful avowal—not altogether unexpected, says Mr. Forster, but 'a great shock, nevertheless.' 'Poor Catharine,' writes Dickens—'Catharine being his wife—and I am not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so, too, and much more so. She is exactly what you know in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely assorted for the bond there is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and that her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both. I am often cut to the heart by thinking what a pity it is, for her sake, that I ever fell in her way.' 'Nothing on earth could make her understand me or suit us to each other. Her temperament will not go with mine.' 'What is now befalling me I have seen steadily coming since Mary was born, and I know too well that you cannot, and no one can, help me.' Again another letter: 'The years have not made it easier to bear for either of us; and, for her sake as well as mine, the wish will force itself upon me that something might be done.' And again: 'I claim no immunity from blame. There is plenty of fault on my side, I dare say, in the way of a thousand uncertainties, caprices and difficulties of disposition; but only one thing will alter all that, and that is, the end which alters everything.'

THE END.

"This was in 1857. In 1858 Mr. Dickens and his wife lived apart. The eldest son went with his mother, Dickens at once giving effect to her expressed wish in this respect; and the other children remained with himself, their intercourse with Mrs. Dickens being left entirely to themselves. They never met during the remainder of their lives." Dickens knew no way out of the difficulty. The practical side of his character surrendered to the sentimental, and he was true to his sentiment only by being a coward towards his wife.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE Toledo, Wabash and Western Road has reduced its fare in Illinois from four to three cents a mile. . . . The Jefferson, Madison and Indianapolis Road has passed under the control of the Pan Handle line. . . . The Wisconsin Assembly has passed the Bill fixing the rate of taxation on railroads in that State at five per cent. of their net earnings. . . . The Cincinnati, Wabash and Michigan line, from Wabash to Marion, twenty-six miles, has been completed and opened for travel. . . . Cattle rates from Chicago to New York have been reduced from \$140 to \$80 a car. . . . Plans have been prepared for the bridge over the Mississippi at Quincy, Ill. It will be 2,400 feet in length, doubled-decked, with a draw of 300 feet. . . . A piece of rock used for macadamizing the streets of Grass Valley, Cal., was recently picked up and found to contain \$20 worth of gold. . . . Sixty-nine cotton gin houses have been burned in Georgia since last September. . . . The temperance ladies of Osborn, O., hoisted a black flag on the spire of the Presbyterian Church, saying that it should remain there while liquor is sold in the town. . . . The drill of the North Atlantic Fleet, at Florida Bay, will continue during February. . . . The ice in the Hudson River, at Troy, broke up suddenly, and several men barely escaped with their lives. . . . New Orleans peaches are in full bloom. . . . Two new hotels are to be erected at Long Branch. . . . The school directors of San Francisco abolished the teaching of French and German in the highest grade because there is no money to provide for the 10,000 children in the Primary Department unless this was done. . . . Fifty-seven and a half millions bushels of wheat and sixty-one millions bushels of oats of the crop of 1873 remained in the hands of the producers in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Ohio and Wisconsin. The estimates of damage to the growing wheat is increasing somewhat, although the prospect still favors a much larger yield than last year. . . . There are 2,000 professional thieves in New York City. . . . The total wheat production of California in 1873 was 26,080,567 bushels. . . . Fourteen colleges were represented at the Inter-Collegiate Literary Convention in Hartford. . . . The annexation of Brooklyn to New York was favored at the meeting of the Union Municipal Association recently held in New York. . . . Trains have been stopped on the Oswego and Midland Railroad, by dissatisfied employes, but the matter was settled. . . . The whisky war in Ohio still rages. . . . The St. Louis and St. Joseph Railroad was sold at auction. . . . The South Carolina Tax-payers' Association assembled at Columbia, and protested against further spoliation. . . . More than \$125,000 worth of property was destroyed by the great fire in Sing-Sing. . . . The new horse-dismember is not regarded dangerous.

FOREIGN.

THE Catholic calendar for 1875 gives the following statistics of the Catholic Church in England: Churches, 1,020; priests, 1,654; colleges, 17; monasteries, 70; convents, 242. The numbers in 1829 (the year of Catholic emancipation) were: Churches, 299; priests, 424; colleges, 9; monasteries, 0; convents, 17. . . . Workmen have begun laying down, at San Paolo, the fine mosaic representing the Madonna di Monte Luce, executed by artists of the studio in the Vatican. . . . The Pope has ordered a copy in mosaic of Raphael's "Conversion of St. Paul." . . . The Midland Railroad, one of the largest corporations in England, contemplates adopting the American plan of checking baggage. . . . The population of Japan is 33,110,825. . . . In Japan labor is 7½ cents a day of four hours' work in the mines. . . . The oldest journal in the world, the *Pekin Gazette*, is printed on yellow silk, in precisely the same characters and paper which it had a thousand years ago. . . . The cholera at Munich seems to be on the increase. . . . Shocks of earthquake have been felt in different parts of Italy during the month. . . . The Jesuits are about to found a Gregorian college in Paris, similar to that in Rome just closed by the Government of Victor Emmanuel. . . . The trustees of the British Museum have resigned their patronage into the hands of the Government. About four hundred persons are employed in connection with the Museum. . . . At a recent sale of porcelain, in Amsterdam, a dish of the sixteenth century brought 2,680 francs. . . . The Russian Government has selected twenty-seven stations to be occupied by observers of the transit of Venus. It is expected that the cold at these stations will range from below -29° C. at Kiakhta to about 10° at Eriven. At one or two of the stations it is presumed to be even colder. . . . During the two months' suspension of the *Paris L'Univers*, demanded as a sacrifice to Prince Bismarck, the subscribers of that journal are furnished with *L'Assemblée Nationale*, a journal with which *L'Univers* has always been in harmony. . . . Lieutenant Stiffe attributes the existence of mud craters on the coast of Persia to hydrostatic pressure rather than to volcanic action, especially as by the concurrent testimony of several natives the discharge from the craters is greater during Spring tides. . . . The strictness with which the right of censorship is exercised against the Press in the Austrian dominions may be judged by the fact that the day's issue of one paper alone, the *Politik*, at Prague, was stopped sixty-nine times last year. . . . Marshal MacMahon recently went *incognito* to visit the works for the reconstruction of the Vendôme Column. The spiral bronze has reached the seventh turn, out of the twenty-two which will complete the height. The last plate fixed represents the attack and capture of Gungsborg. . . . The *National Zeitung* says that a large Austrian wagon manufacturing company, which has employed 1,400 men during the year, and made more than a thousand wagons yearly, is about to suspend and discharge its employes for want of work. . . . Bishop Williams, of China and Japan, was recently found in a Japanese boarding-house, in Jeddo, in a room nine feet square, without any furniture except a pail with ashes and a few coals, in the centre of the room. In one corner were two blankets, with one of which the bishop wrapped himself, while he slept upon the other. He was sitting on the floor engaged in translating. . . . The funeral at Wolverhampton of the gypsy woman Lemon-tina Smith, the assumed wife of the gypsy George Lovell, was attended by one hundred gypsies, representing all the tribes now in England. Returning to the encampment, they burned and otherwise destroyed all the woman had possessed or had in any way used; even the traveling van has not been spared the flames. Lovell expresses his readiness to give £20 for the two basins, now in possession of the analyst, in which the deceased is supposed to have mixed the fatal poison draught. . . . The loss by the recent fire in London is reported to be \$15,000,000. . . . The Japanese Government has renewed its refusal to open the whole country to foreigners, subject to extra-territorial jurisdiction. . . . The French Academy contains 13 historians, 9 literary critics, 9 dramatic writers, novelists or lyric poets, 3 orators, 1 traveler and poet, and 1 *savant*. . . . The crush at the Paris ball at the Elysee was terrible, about twice the number of tickets having been issued than the rooms could accommodate. . . . The Gladstone Ministry has resigned. . . . The copper smelting establishment at Guayacan in Chili, South America, is said to be the largest in the world. It employs about three hundred hands, of whom from forty to fifty are Welshmen, and produces annually from 8,000 to 10,000 tons of copper. . . . Arrests continue on a large scale in Switzerland. More than three hundred priests, monks, Catholic men and women, are imprisoned in the Jura part of the Canton of Berne. . . . Swiss subjects will be admitted into France without passports hereafter. . . . A Jewish journal, printed in Arabic and Hebrew, is published in Calcutta.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 423.

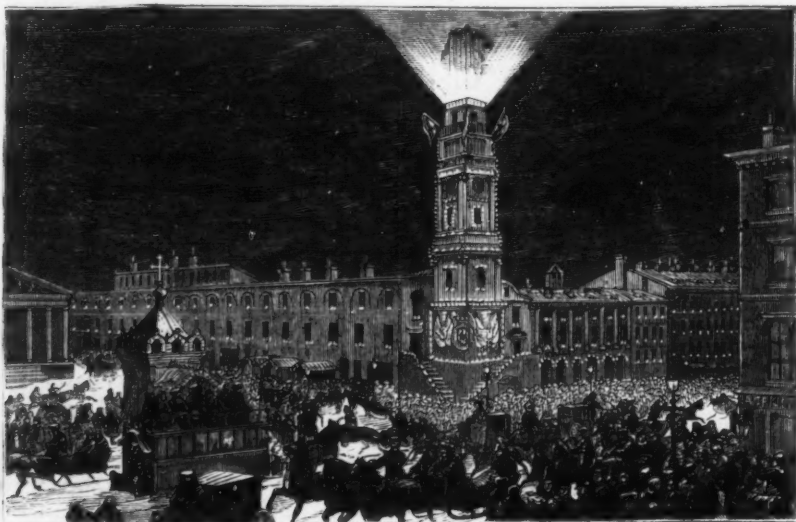
THE ROYAL WEDDING AT ST. PETERSBURG.



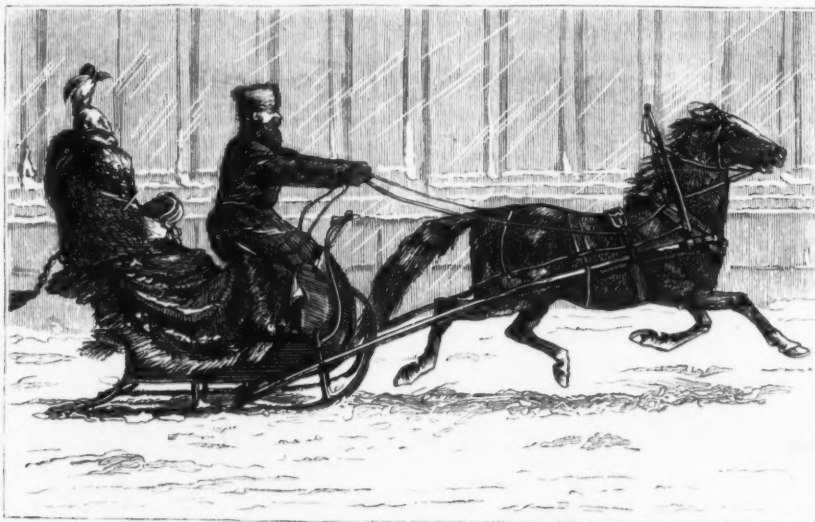
THE CZAR'S PALACE—POLISHING UP FOR THE WEDDING.



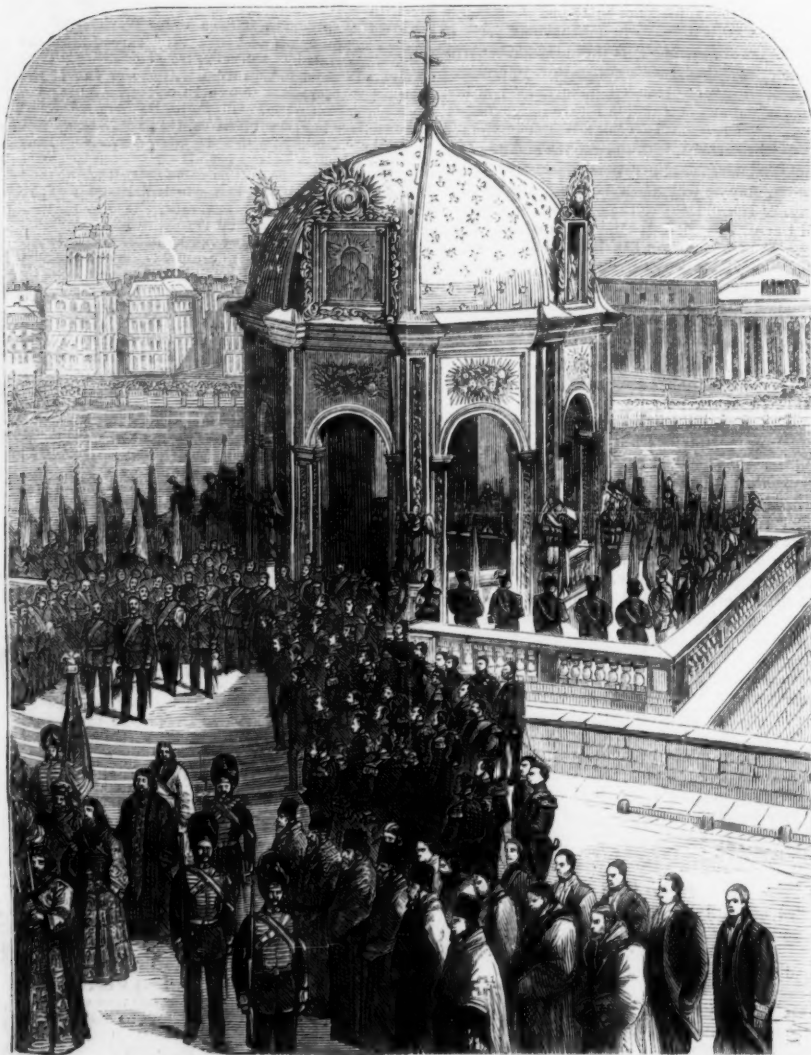
ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT ST. PETERSBURG.



THE TOWN-HALL OF ST. PETERSBURG ILLUMINATED.



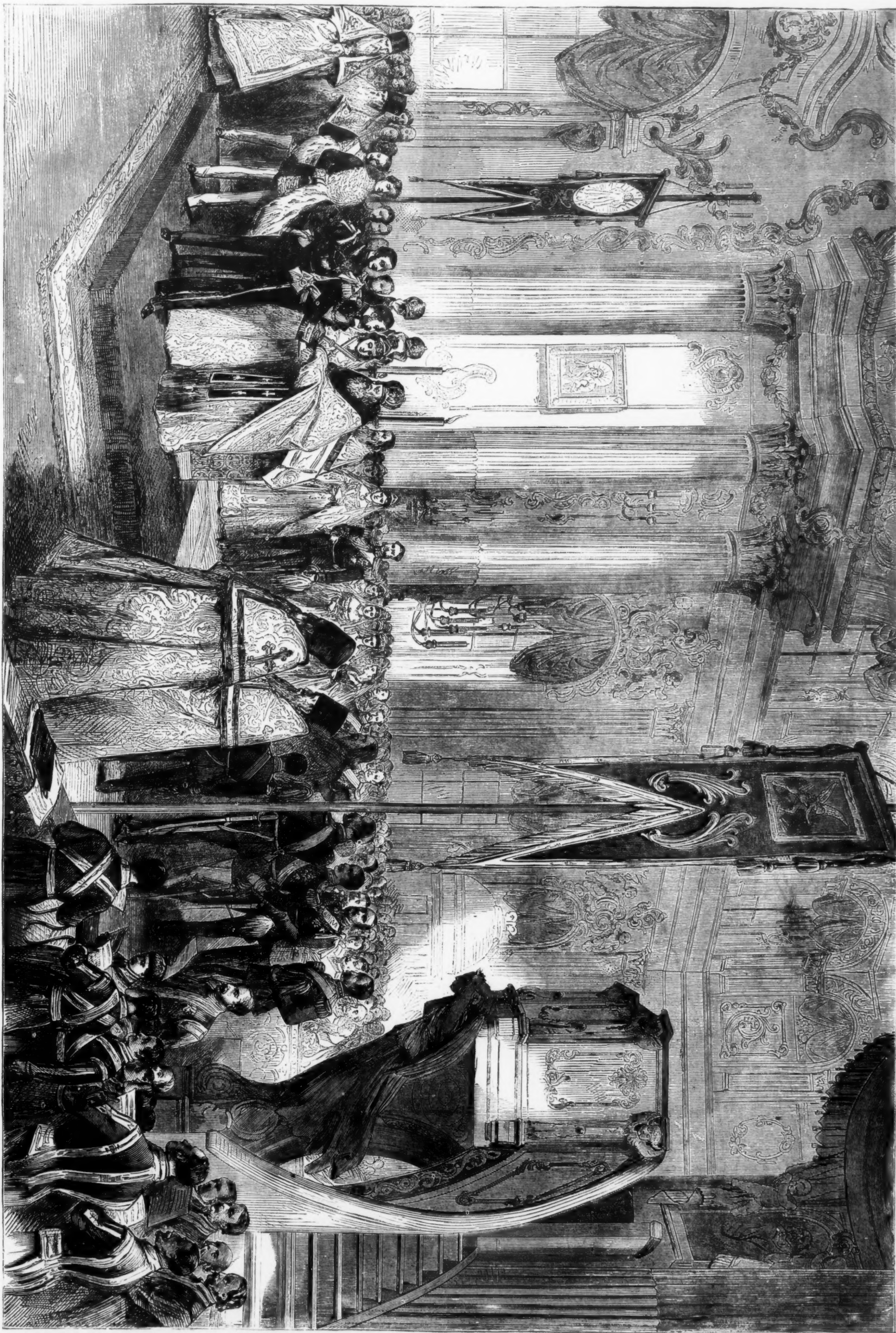
GOING TO THE COURT.



BLESSING THE RIVER NEVA AT ST. PETERSBURG.



RUSSIANS OBTAINING WATER FROM THE RIVER NEVA AFTER THE BLESSING.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE.—THE ROYAL WEDDING AT ST. PETERSBURG.—THE GREEK CEREMONY IN THE IMPERIAL CHAPEL OF THE WINTER PALACE.—SEE PAGE 423.

TWILIGHT.

Oh! in the shadowed Lonely
A night bird calls,
Once, from the stillness, only;
And in the restlessness
The mountain walls
Are stronger ones grown blameless.
Oh! watch each tree's outlining,
And see its soul
In a clear fashion shining,
While all the spaces folded
In cloud control,
To azure gates are molded!
Oh! hear the palm trees quiver
With yearnings low
Beside the living river;
And hear the crystal motions,
Eternal, slow,
Of God's unmeasured oceans!
Here is a sense of nearness,
In the wide sky!
For all unworried dearness,
And all remembered speeches,
Lie, as shells lie,
On the sweet sea's bright reaches.

MUGUETTE;

OR,

THE LAST DAY OF THE COLUMN.

(EPISODE OF THE PARIS COMMUNE.)

BY

ALFRED ESMERY.

GEORGES DUROSNE was, in 1855, one of the most prominent artists of the French School of Painting. At twenty-four years—an age when ninety-nine out of one hundred, especially artists, are still out of sight, and painfully seek the way which ought to give them celebrity or wealth—he had the rare good fortune of being noticed among the crowd as a rising glory of the brush.

He had sent to the Salon Yearly Exhibition of Works from Living Artists but one picture, a "Birth of Venus," and the mythologic goddess of Beauty was so really beautiful—there was so much originality and exquisite suavity, at the same time, in the whole composition—in one word, his "Venus" was so distinct altogether from the hundreds of "Venuses" exhibited every year, that she met with a general cry of admiration, and the jury conferred upon the young painter the great medal in gold; to which the Emperor, on the proposition made by his Minister of Fine Arts, added the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

It seemed, then, that a splendid career was secured to Georges Durosnel; saluted a master at the Spring of his artistic life, when so many of his co-disciples were but pupils yet. "Let him work," said the connoisseurs, "and in less than ten years he will have no rival in the world!"

A few days after the solemn distribution of the prizes, the hero of the Salon was cheerfully walking in his studio of the Rue de Navarin, enjoying the smoke of democratic caporal tobacco from a long Algerian pipe, which he took from his lips only to exchange a few words with a feminine voice coming from an adjacent room, when the bell rung vigorously at the door of the bohemian paradise.

Without leaving his pipe—an integral part of a true Parisian *bohème*—the disciple of Rubens went at once to meet his visitor, and unceremoniously introduced him into his sanctuary, amidst the most regular disorder of plaster models, sketches and anatomical wax figures that may be imagined.

The new-comer was a man of from thirty-five to sixty years—one of those types of *vieux blasés* who have no age, they having precipitated their life so as to belong to that category of "old men born yesterday," mentioned in Alfred de Musset's "Rolla."

He was the son of a millionaire speculator in corn, Monsieur Gosson, who, perceiving that his name was too short and vulgar for a man of his importance and wealth, had bought from a ruined provincial nobleman the Castle of La Gardière, in the neighborhood of Caen, and from that time signed his name, at first, *Gosson de la Gardière*; soon after, simply *de la Gardière*; and finally, *Baron de la Gardière*.

Sosthènes de la Gardière, junior, did not allow the painter to inquire about the motive of his visit, and, shaking warmly his hands, "My dear Raphael!" he exclaimed, emphatically, "allow one of the admirers of your talent to offer you both his friendship and purse. I hope not to come too late to buy from you, for my gallery, the masterpiece which so legitimately has bestowed upon you so much fame. But glory, though valuable it is, would be yet a poor lot in our times, if 'Plutus' did not join 'Venus' to build up your felicity; and I am sure that you will not object to exchange your splendid picture against a handful of bank-notes. Will twenty thousand francs suit you?"

At first stupefied by the rather strange manner with which Monsieur Sosthènes de la Gardière presented himself, speaking with the volubility of a judge who read a text of law, Georges resumed his spirits, and pointing a chair to the generous would-be buyer, said:

"My dear sir, I feel very sorry not to be able to accept your flattering offer. But you are well aware that, according to the regulations of the Salon, every painting or statutory work rewarded with a *grand-prix* is bought by the Ministry of Fine Arts, and sent to the Museum of Living Artists, in the Luxembourg Palace. Indeed, I have just received this very morning a check of six thousand francs on the Bank of France, at the order of His Excellency the Minister."

"The deuce take the Minister and his check!" said La Gardière, visibly disappointed. "But, tell me, if you have made a 'Venus,' nothing prevents you to make another one, exactly like, for I must confess to you that I dream of your ideal Queen of the Olympus. You may take a copy of it, and, with the condition that you'll make no other one for anybody else, I hold the bargain at twenty thousand francs."

"All very well," replied the artist. "But before I say Yes or No, I must consult my model." And, turning to the room whence came the sweet voice who spoke with him before, La Gardière arrived: "You have heard, Mugnette. What do you think of it?"

He had not completed his question when a splendid girl of about twenty, whose seductive beauty was still enhanced by the *négligé* of her morning toilet, made her appearance in the studio, and gracefully bowed to the visitor.

"Twenty thousand francs!" she cried out. "Enough to furnish my bedroom with flowers until my last breath. How could I say No?"

Georges Durosnel was so much absorbed in contemplating the childish joy of his charming companion, that he did not notice the sudden alteration

her sight had produced on La Gardière's physiognomy.

When he turned again to the generous amateur, the latter had had the time to regain an apparently calm countenance; and it was with the most natural tone of voice that—handing to the original "Venus" a bundle of blue bank-notes—he said to her:

"Since you dispose of the bargain on account of your love for flowers, miss, well, do not lose a minute in making the rose and jacinth jealous of their lover."

And Monsieur de la Gardière took leave of the happy couple, after having asked the favor of seeing often his new friends, which was most heartily granted, of course.

Three months after the first and fortunate interview between Georges Durosnel and Sosthènes de la Gardière, Mugnette, a loving name given to the pretty *grisette* by the painter, because of her predilection for the lilies-of-the-valley (in French, *muguet*), pretended an indisposition, and, though the season was far advanced towards winter, she would absolutely go to Dieppe, and spend there a few days, in order, she said, to breathe the sea-air, and to come back fresher than ever.

It was the first time since they had met, four years ago, in the workshop of Winterhalter, of whom Georges was then a scholar, and Mugnette a *modèle à poser*—it was the first time that the lovely and faithful companion of his youth, the partaker of his breadless days and deceptions so frequent in the beginnings of an artist's career, his consolation and comfort as well as his joy and pride, thought of leaving the sweet, modest home where she felt so happy with Georges' love, a few little birds, and her dear flowers.

So that when, without any preparation and with a quite independent resolution, the fair daughter of Eve announced to him her projected journey, the painter was stunned, and he remained silent and stupid for a few minutes, large drops of icy sweat peering on his forehead.

A secret voice told him that the dark genius of desertion had taken in Mugnette's heart the place so long occupied by the angel of devoted love.

Mugnette easily perceived that sorrowful impression on her friend's mind, and, gently sitting on his knees and enfolding his head with her arms, "Oh! you are a big baby," said she. "Do you fear that a shark will eat your Mugnette on the seashore? Well, then, come with me, and if the ugly shark comes, you will kill him."

To these caressing words Georges answered briefly, shaking his head with an ironical smile, for Mugnette knew well that he was then engaged in decorating the walls of an oratory in one of the aristocratic hotels of Paris, and could not spare a single day before the hurried work was completed.

"Go where you please, Mugnette," he uttered with a broken voice. "You are free." And, gathering all his energy, he left her alone.

One hour after, the model of "Venus" was on her way to Dieppe, where she arrived before sunset, and was met at the station by Monsieur le Baron Sosthènes de la Gardière, who was impatiently waiting for her in an elegant carriage, ornamented with a ridiculous *blason*, surmounted with a crown.

The delusive prospect of being *une femme à la mode*, with a royal wardrobe, diamonds, horses, a sumptuous hotel in the Champs Elysées, a residence in the fashionable watering-places and a box at the Opera House, where her lavishing beauty should eclipse that of any other woman—all these devilish suggestions had triumphed at last over Mugnette's natural honesty and sound love for Georges.

Mugnette had vanished for ever, and a new plaster-girl had taken her place in the artist's pantheon.

It was vainly that Georges Durosnel tried to handle his brush in the course of that day which was to decide his future. The demon of jealousy rendered him quite incapable of doing anything. He might have been offered one million for painting a shop-sign, but he could not have done it properly.

He belonged, unfortunately, to that category of loyal and genuine natures who quite abandon themselves to the object of their affections, so that their moral strength and fortitude depend exclusively upon the constancy and stability of the loved person's heart and mind. Do they experience one of those deceptions so frequent in the history of Love, they are no more than ambulatory corpses, whose soul has fled with the dear vanished illusion. The trial overwhelms them. Our positive and somewhat skeptic times laugh and joke loudly at the noble victims of serious love; mercantile enthusiasm, money love and animal passions have nearly extinguished the splendors of the soul, beams of heaven, which only constitute the greatness of man; and if the tenth century deserved to be called the "iron century," the nineteenth will no more the less be justly stigmatized with the epithet of "gold century."

Georges Durosnel left the oratory he had to decorate with holy paintings ten minutes after he had arrived there, and hastily directed his steps back towards the Rue de Navarin; but when he was at the corner of that street, the fear of learning the final consummation of his misfortunes, which he mysteriously felt, forbade him to go further. All his blood was iced in his veins, and in order to raise his spirits, he went into a liquor-store, and, like most weak-minded men, drank three or four glasses of that fatal *absinthe* which the doctors have baptized with the significant name of *death-water*.

When he felt that he had sufficiently drawn off that fictitious strength, he proceeded to his home, so gay, so full of bright prospects a few hours ago; and now, alas! nothing except the absence of Mugnette, who had not taken with her any luggage, revealed the great change which had just occurred in the modest dwelling of the artist; so that a lightning of hope passed through his despairing soul, and for a few hours he thought to himself that he had been frightened only by phantoms of his own imagination. After a careful review of the flowers, he disposed himself to go and give a call on his "new and excellent friend," La Gardière—so far as he was in the honesty of his soul from suspecting the sad reality—when a valet of the latter rang the bell and delivered to him a letter, which read as follows:

"MY DEAR DUROSNE!—Woman often carries: Foolish is he who confides to her!" as the most gallant of our kings, Francis the First, said so well. Your lady leaves you to-day, as she will leave me after a while, and soon. It is a small inconvenience to which we are all of us exposed, and for my part, I do not mention it any more than I would the flight of a captive bird. I am your successor in your fair Venus's heart, as you may be one day or another in my Juno's. I feel sure that you will have nothing to object to this. Yours, truly, devoted,
"SOSTHÈNES DE LA GARDIÈRE."

Georges had scarcely read the cynic message than he fell senseless to the floor.

Late in the evening some of his friends, not seeing him as usual at the *café*, called at his house, and not receiving any answer, in spite of the assurances of the porter that Monsieur Durosnel was in, they required the assistance of a policeman, who, with the help of a lock-mith, forced the door open.

The poor artist was the prey of a horrible fever and delirium, and the doctor immediately called and sent him to a hospital, where for several weeks

he remained between life and death, the feeble uttering of "Mugnette!" being the only sound that dropped from his lips.

At the end of only four months he was able to go out, so altered as not to be known again, having grown older by twenty years in that short while.

Without returning to the district once the nest of his love, the cradle of his rising glory, and now the grave of all those past illusions, Georges Durosnel made a brief address to his comrades, and on the next morning he sailed from Havre for Santiago de Chile, where he intended to join his crack-brain countryman, Orli-Antoine the First, the so-called "King of Araucania and Patagonia"—an adventurous life, with a bullet or the gallows in prospect, being hereafter the only one possible for him.

Fifteen years have elapsed since the above related events took place.

The Red Flag floats everywhere over Paris, in the place of the once glorious Tricolor, fallen in the mud of the Bonapartist Government.

It is the reign of the Commune—but not precisely that of Liberty, for under no other *régime* before has the arbitrary exercise of power by the officials been more scandalous. The Versailles reaction only was destined to surpass by far in that way the Paris Commune.

Every day, and even every night, hundreds of citizens, quite inoffensive, were arrested and led to the Prefecture of Police, where Raoul, Rigault and Ferré ruled more despotically than Louis XIV. at the Louvre, or Napoleon at the Tuilleries.

One morning of the end of April, 1871, a band of Federals brought to the said prefecture a prisoner, who was said to be one of the numerous spies kept in Paris by Monsieur Thiers and his lieutenants.

As they passed the iron gate on the Quay del' Horloge, which leads to the Conciergerie Prison, one of the improvised jailers exclaimed:

"One more for Mazas! Sergeant, take that fellow to the second room on your left, in the right lobby, and if he escapes the justice of the people with such a face of a Jesuit, I won't acknowledge any more Captain Durosnel, who is on duty to-day as officer-inquirer."

The prisoner and his escort of half-drunken guards were not long in reaching the room.

There, seated before a large desk, covered with a heap of papers, was a man, looking from fifty to sixty, wearing the uniform of a captain in the Federal army, and *en tête-à-tête* with a pipe and a glass of absinthe.

His face, pale and with premature wrinkles, his long gray beard, and the general roughness of his attitude, were not reassuring to the prisoner, who seemed more dead than alive.

The commander of the escort handed to the captain the *proces-verbal* of the arrest, which the latter did not even seem to notice. He swallowed a large gulp of the green liquor, and rudely addressed the prisoner:

"Your name?"

"LA GARDIÈRE, Jean Sosthènes."

That name had on the wild officer the effect of an electric shock.

Glancing at the captive an eye of an unaccountable expression:

"You said—?"

"LA GARDIÈRE, Jean Sosthènes."

No doubt; it was he, the wretched thief of Mugnette! A providential hazard had delivered him into his power!

The first impulse of the ex-painter was to seize his revolver, and to kill at once the miserable cause of the wreck of his life, who stood there before him.

But an infernal idea crossed through his mind, more rapid than lightning.

"This is your receipt for the prisoner," said he to the sergeant, to whom he handed a sheet of printed paper, with his sign, and the seal of the Commune. "Go, and leave me alone with that man."

When they were no more in the presence of the guards, "My dear *ci-devant* baron," said the captain, "you may say you were born under a lucky star, for, had you been caught any other day, when Citizen Rigault sits at this very place, you would have had a nice chance of gathering the palm of martyrdom, in company with the *soi-disant* Archbishop of Paris, and a good lot of 'church-rats' and gendarmes. Take a seat, and let us talk as two old friends. But I guess you do not recollect me."

In fact, Sosthènes de la Gardière, already out of mind from the fright he had received, was in that moment quite stunned, as a man who does not know whether he is awake or sleeping.

"I know," continued the captain, "that my whole person has undergone a great change, not quite to my physical advantage, for the last fifteen years; and yourself, *Monsieur le Baron*, have felt, in a certain measure, the unavoidable outrage of time. But yet, friends as we were at that time, do you not know again, under the harsh garb of a captain of the Commune, the young and rather delicate painter of the Rue de Navarin?"

"Is it possible you should be?"

"Georges Durosnel, in flesh and bones, to save you from the fate which awaits the hostages, my dear La Gardière."

"Captain Durosnel," replied the ex-petit-crevet, whose voice trembled with emotion, "can you forgive me so generously?"

"Forgive you? What do you mean?"

"Oh, I know that I was guilty towards you, about that—the—your—"

"Peuh! you mean the girl—a splendid girl indeed—whose caprice turned from me to you. A mere trifle of youth, my dear La Gardière, and you must believe me, far from doing me any harm, you rendered me, on the contrary, a signal service in taking charge of her. From that very day, I was free again, and I could indulge in my natural taste for travel and adventure. For thirteen years, I enjoyed the most enviable life a mortal could ever dream of. A colonel in the Araucanian army: a prisoner of war on the point of being shot by the Chilians; afterwards a wandering fugitive in the Andes Mountains; a negro-trader on the Cuban coast, where I escaped twenty times from the British cruisers; further on, a chief of Mexican guerrilleros during the Bonapartist expedition to Mexico; a lieutenant of Garibaldi's at Mentana, and a captain of francs-tireurs during the Franco-German War; in the whole, seventeen wounds, three condemnations to death, and a Don-Juanesque number of sweethearts. Is not that a glorious existence? And now, as you may see, my dear friend, again on the field, as a captain of the untamable *Lanciers* of the glorious Commune of Paris. Ah, dam! I have grown old quicker than you in that eventful life, and caught a first-class selection of rheumatisms. But yet, I regret only one thing, and that is, not to have had a good joker like you as a companion during my numberless peregrinations. But, it is just a quarter-past-eleven, the right time for breakfast; I must write an order of 'non-lieu' in your behalf, on my own security, and, to save you further annoyance, I will give you a 'card of *civisme*,' as I feel sure that you are anything but a Versailles spy. But, in the times now going on, they would arrest themselves, if they had nobody

else to arrest, in conformity with the eternal principle of individual liberty, and the *rights of man*."

And Captain Durosnel could not help sincerely laughing as he spoke so irreverently of the popular *régime*, to which he had pledged his sword.

La Gardière, quite reinstalled in his usual good humor by the admirably played good-nature and wit with which the ex-painter, though his heart was bleeding with rage, related his own *Odyssée*, accompanied him, arm-in-arm, at the Café de la Garde-Nationale, opposite to the Hotel de Ville, which was the general rendezvous of the officers of the Communist Army.

There, Captain Durosnel, who was held in the highest esteem by all his comrades for his lion-like bravery and generous temper, introduced to them "his old friend La Gardière," and at three o'clock in the afternoon they were still at table, smoking and drinking the health of the Commune.

Durosnel accompanied La Gardière to his provisional abode, in a second-class hotel of the Rue St. Honoré (for the coward who had fled from Paris and France during the war, and had come back only after the capitulation, dared not return to his own hotel, for fear of a popular outburst against him,) and he did not part with him without the formal promise of meeting every day, at the very place where they had had breakfast, "in order to warn and protect him against any eventual danger."

But the first step of the captain was to go to the Communal Delegation of the district, and deliver them an order of the Committee of Public Safety, to the effect that a narrow survey should be exercised on Citizen La Gardière, Jean Sosthènes, above all, to prevent his escape from Paris.

Such a precaution was superfluous indeed, for La Gardière, who had persisted in staying in Paris during the Commune, only because it was a matter of excitement, thought less than ever of leaving the capital, now that he felt assured he would not be molested any more, through the high protection of his devoted friend, Captain Durosnel.

Amidst the revolutionary decrees of the Commune, there was one ordering the pulling down of Vendôme Column, in the name of *Universal Fraternity*.

Though the moment was rather strangely chosen to advocate universal fraternity, when the corpses of two hundred thousand French and German soldiers sacrificed to international hatred had scarcely grown cold—when half of the circumference of the large city was still besieged by one hundred and ninety thousand victorious pointed helmets, anxious to join the legions headed by Thiers and MacMahon, who were now busy in bombarding Paris from the other half of its inclosure—yet, the destruction of the Column, of "that sinister bronze at which mothers never looked," was perhaps, of all their measures, the most logical and nearest to the principles advocated by the intelligent leaders (a minority, alas!) of the Commune.

That middling copy of the Trajan Column was of little value to the artist, and, from a political and philosophical point of view, it had been erected, not to the glory of the Republican armies who had spread all over Europe the seed of the French Revolution, but to that of a despot—a killer of men, whose tyrannic rule had been the negation of 1789 and '92, and whose personal ambition had led him adopted country to the brink of the abyss.

It was with the cannon captured by the legions of the Corsican Caesar, whose statue surmounted the monument, that the massive stone pillar had been adorned with one inch of carved bronze; if it recalled Austerlitz and Jena, how much more did it remind every true patriot and friend of liberty of Leipzig and Waterloo, the foreign invasion, and, still more to be lamented souvenir, the end of the Revolution!

Finally, was not Napoleon III., whose reign had just ended so disastrously for France, the direct consequence of Napoleon I.? These reasons justified the measure, and stupid *chauvins* alone, for whom *glory* and *victory* are the supreme expressions of French genius, could object to it.

But that class of persons is so common in France, that, even among the very socialist people of the suburbs, the overthrow of the Napoleonic trophy was considered as an act of madness and vandalism, while those same people applauded the criminal burning of the Hotel de Ville, and of so many other artistic masterpieces, if they did not assist in the consummation of the horrible deed.

Twice postponed, because of insufficient preparations, the solemn act of justice and honor to the great cause of the Revolution, betrayed by the hero of the Column, was at length officially announced to take place on Tuesday, the 16th of May.

The Column, strongly supported by enormous thick planks, had been cut slantingly up and down, toward its centre, all around, at about two yards from the pedestal; a large opening had been made on the face looking at the Boulevard, towards which side the Column was to fall.

To the balcony were affixed three cables corresponding to as many captains, and the ground on the Place Vendôme where Caesar and his trophies were to vanish had been covered with a thick bed of straw and muck, intended to deaden the tremendous concussion of the fall of such a bulk of stone and metal.

A large estrade had been built for the members of the Commune and those of the Central Committee, who, adorned with the signs of their respective capacities, had come in a body to witness the imposing ceremony.

On the Place, and inside of the line of sentries, no one was admitted, excepting officers of the staff, high officials, reporters of the Press, and three military bands, which alternatively played the popular hymns of the Revolution.

Amongst the *privileges* of the Place Vendôme was Captain Durosnel, who, thanks to his grade and exceptional notoriety in the Federal army, had been able to introduce with him his good friend Sosthènes de la Gardière, dressed especially for the occasion with a uniform of the National Guard.

But La Gardière would have entered into the devil's skin, if this had been the condition *sine qua non* of his admission "on the scene of the popular theatre," as he said in his contentment.

It had been prescribed in the programme of the *fête* that, previous to the execution of the Column, a soldier of the Commune should ascend the top, and there brandish and fasten the Tricolor Flag—this meaning, that the emblem of reactionary France must be buried with the Column, and make room for the Communist Red Color.

Durosnel had solicited and obtained from Delescluze, then Minister of War, the signal favor of performing that part of the programme.

The engineer entrusted with the preparatory work having declared that all was ready, Durosnel took his friend by the arm, and, without being noticed among the excited soldiers that stood on the scaffolding, both penetrated the dark staircase of the monument.

"Pass before," said the captain, "and light us with that wax-candle." And, as La Gardière hesitated to trust himself in the spiral, "Well! are you afraid that the play begins before we are out? No danger, my dear sir; we are going to act as the principal characters in the prologue, after which there will be an *entr'acte* of a few minutes. Go on!"

Without answering a word, through the mysterious impression of uneasiness which mastered him, La Gardiere ascended step by step, followed by Durosnel, who nonchalantly whistled a reminiscence of Verdi.

They were about the middle of the spiral, when, suddenly throwing aside his tricolor flag, the captain, with the jump of a panther, threw down his "dear friend," and, before the latter could make a movement, tied his arms and legs with a strong rope; afterwards, lifting his victim as easily as he would have done a child, he hung him by his red belt to one of the strong hooks which, from place to place, served as lamp-holders on the days when visitors were admitted.

Paler than a corpse, his eyes frightfully haggard and his mouth gaping with terror, La Gardiere was, indeed, more immobile than the bronze statue of Cesar whose minutes were counted.

Durosnel crossed his arms on his chest, and, precluding by an infernal explosion of laughter, "Now, then, Baron de la Gardiere," said he, "you belong to me, stupid fool that you are! You simply believed that all was for the best with the man whose life you have so treacherously broken, and, surely, you thought to yourself that I was a very amusing fellow. Ah! cursed snake, I hold you! The unspeakable agony into which you have transformed my existence you will suffer in a few minutes. In robbing me of Muguette, my love and my strength, you robbed me of my soul. Commend yours to God, if you believe in Him, and do not forget me in the other world. Adieu, *baron!*"

"Pardon! pity for me!" cried La Gardiere with a strangled voice.

But the captain was already at the top of the Column.

When he appeared on the balcony and agitated the Tricolor, an immense hurrah pierced the air and mounted to him, at the same time striking his victim as with the tolling of his death.

Having affixed the flag to the iron balustrade, Durosnel descended the spiral staircase. As he passed before his helpless enemy, he could see him twisting himself in horrible convulsions and vainly trying to break his bonds.

"She was a pretty creature; say, baron? You must think of her now; it will sweeten the bitterness of your last moments."

Fifteen seconds after he was down his features contracted by the most violent emotions he had yet felt since the fatal evening when he received La Gardiere's cynical message, after Muguette's departure.

"Why, captain," said a colleague to him, "you look as if you were suffocated by your excursion up-stairs."

"Suffocated, indeed, with joy!" was the answer. And he went rapidly to the foot of the estrade, whence the signal of moving the capstans had just been given.

A solemn silence immediately took the place of the noise that had prevailed for the last two hours among the thirty thousand people crowded in this spacious neighborhood of the Place Vendôme; the cables stretched, the gigantic trophy of Imperial glory and tyranny oscillated on its eagled pedestal, and, majestically, in the course of seven seconds, the pride of two generations sunk down, saluted for the last time by the *Marseillaise* and enthusiastic cries of "Vive la Commune!"

The Column was no more!

Georges Durosnel was avenged!

The next morning there was a vague rumor that, in spite of the wisest measures of precaution, severely enforced, an imprudent soldier of the Commune had been crushed under the falling monument, whose identity could not be ascertained, owing to the awful pulverization of his body.

And that was all.

So pressing, numerous and grave were the preoccupations of the moment, that the reported terrible incident of the last day of the Commune was forgotten in the afternoon.

Less than a week later the troops of the National Assembly succeeded in re-entering Paris, and engaged with the handful of men who remained faithful to the lost cause of the Commune in the struggle which lasted seven full days and ended with the victory of Versailles, over twenty thousand corpses, and the ruin of so many invaluable treasures of history and art.

One of the barricades, whose capture gave the most trouble to the "soldiers of order," as they styled themselves, was that of the Porte-Saint-Martin, before which they lost fifteen hundred men, including a colonel and thirty-eight officers.

There was but one hundred and twelve fighters, with two mitrailleuses, to defend that important post; but they were nearly all *Lascars de la Commune*, and their commander was the wild Captain Georges Durosnel.

Surrounded with slain and wounded, wounded himself in the arm and the head, his face black with dust and powder, his uniform in rags, he still held undauntedly the post confided to him, after a fight of forty hours, against an enemy fifty times more numerous, and furnished with a powerful artillery, when the "red-caps," having turned the position, spread into the adjacent houses, from the windows of which they began a murderous fire upon the last defenders of the Porte-Saint-Martin.

Struck with two bullets at the same time, one in the shoulder, the other in the breast, Georges Durosnel had but the time to cry once more, "*Vive la Commune!*"

Then he breathed his last on the heap of human flesh that was lying in streams of blood behind the barricade.

On the same day, May 25th, 1871, half a dozen of those hideous creatures, sadly celebrated with the name of *pitroloises*, whose diabolic assistance to the Revolutionist cause consisted in spreading petroleum oil in public or private buildings, and setting fire to them were led to the place of their execution between a double rank of soldiers, who could scarcely prevent them from being stoned by the furious inhabitants.

One of those wretched creatures attracted more especially the maledictions of the crowd by her cynic and provoking attitude. Through the early decrepitude caused by the ravages of a frantic life, one might see that she must have been, in her youth, a splendid-looking woman. In spite of the symbolic color of the Commune—the red—she wore a little bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley. It was Muguette, who, from fall to fall on the declivity of vice, had reached the lowest depth, and had become a Fury, after having once been a Venus!

When the dark cortege arrived in the retired yard where summary justice was to be done—when she was, together with her companions of crime, forced to the wall where the executioners were to fire—her daring and shameless attitude suddenly vanished as if by magic—not because of a cowardly apprehension of death, as one might imagine, but from a tardy and bitter remembrance of a pure and dear past.

With a quick and febrile effort she freed her right hand from its rope-ties, took from her bosom the faded lilies which she convulsively pressed on her discolored lips, and lifting to heaven her eyes flooded with tears of repentance cried:

"*Georges! my God! pardon!*"

The discharge of twelve chassepots cut from her lips the last syllable of *pardon*, and she fell on the ground, transfigured and redeemed by the celestial beams of Faith and Love.

A GREAT GOOD.

INTERESTING FACTS SHOWING THE BENEFICIAL RESULTS OF THE NOTICES OF "DISTINGUISHED SCHOLARS" IN "FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY."

A VARIETY of interesting facts show, in a very striking manner, the beneficial results of the notices of "Distinguished Scholars" in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY. They have been communicated to Mr. Leslie by those who have been intelligent observers of the influence of this department of that journal upon the welfare of the youth of the United States, both in school and in the world. He now gives them to the public, because they sustain his own views in regard to the practical usefulness of such a department, and because they have in themselves a pleasing and touching interest for all.

In one of the schools, largely attended by poor children, a boy was noticed, who evinced a desire to study, but was evidently discouraged by his humble circumstances, and his limited prospect of obtaining success in life. From the hour that he saw his portrait in the Boys' and Girls' WEEKLY, and a friendly recognition of his merit as a pupil, he became a new being. A ray of sunshine, from God's own Providence, seemed to fall upon the gloom of his heart, and he engaged in his school-tasks with an energy and intelligence which were surprising to behold. Lowly as he was in station, and downcast as he had been, a public journal had sought him out, told the story of his efforts under discouragement, and urged him to continue in well-doing. Now, he came to the school with swifter steps, for it had been revealed to him that he was a member of, and not an outcast from, the great social organization which existed about him. His progress in study was rapid and astonishing. Finally, at a public examination of the best scholars of the public and Catholic parochial schools of the district, he was awarded the highest rank and a naval appointment to Annapolis. "The Boys' and Girls' WEEKLY" put the first ambition in the heart of that boy which he ever felt," remarked the principal of the school.

Another boy in the same school, and of a like condition in life, was noticed, and he, too, quickly began to study with uncommon diligence. He exhibited a self-respect and desire to excel which had not before characterized him. Later, he achieved a great success at a public competition for a cadetship at West Point, which was awarded to him.

The biography of a boy in one of the up-town schools was perused in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY by a merchant of the city. It interested him so much in the boy, that he addressed a letter to the principal of the school, in which he related the facts, and requested him to send the boy to him, as he would like to see him, and, perhaps, could do him a kindness. The boy accordingly made a visit to the gentleman, when the statements of the biography were more than confirmed, and he was offered a situation in his counting-room, which he gladly accepted. "He was greatly delighted and encouraged by the notice," said his teacher, in relating these facts; "but his subsequent good fortune was far more than he anticipated."

This incident leads to the relation of a similar one, which occurred in regard to a boy employed in Frank Leslie's Publishing House. One day an unknown boy presented himself and asked for employment. A boy was wanted in one of the departments, and inquiry was made of this applicant as to who he was. He replied that he was one of the "Distinguished Scholars of Our Schools," and that his biography would be found in a certain number of the Boys' and Girls' WEEKLY. Reference was made to it as a reliable certificate of character; he was engaged, and remained in the establishment for several years.

In the senior class of the Free College, at this time, there is a man, whose likeness and biography, when a boy, were published in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY. Though a very modest boy, the notice seemed to make a deep impression upon him, and, entering soon after the introductory class of the college, began to distinguish himself. His whole career in the college has been a series of brilliant triumphs. At one time he took the Tell Gold Medal for general proficiency over some six hundred students. He has taken a large number of other medals and prizes for almost every study. He has verified the prediction of his mother, who remarked: "I am obliged to the Boys' and Girls' WEEKLY for its kind words of my son. He will be incited by it to the greatest exertions hereafter."

As is often the case, the notice of a boy contained the favorable statement which his teacher had made in regard to his disposition and standing as a scholar. One day, after the appearance of the biography, the boy waited until the class was dismissed, when he went to his teacher, and, in tones of the deepest emotion, thanked him for the good opinion which had been given to the paper. "He was evidently much moved and impressed by the notice," remarked the teacher, "and I can see that he is seeking in every way to prove himself worthy of it."

The son of a gentleman of this city was noticed some years since. After leaving the public school, he became a student of the University, where he made astonishing progress, particularly in the classics, and on one occasion took a high prize in Greek. In conversation about him some time afterwards, his father remarked: "He is a very sensible boy—one not easily elated or inclined to be proud—but the kindly notice in the Boys' and Girls' WEEKLY, I think, has influenced him as much as any event of his whole life."

The father of a boy in Philadelphia expressed great pleasure at the selection of his son: "I have come personally to thank you, for I know it will be the making of him," was his remark at an interview. A father in New Haven writes to express his grateful thanks for the notice of his boy, and thinks that there can be no better way of stimulating youth to a successful career in school, and an honorable career in life.

It is thus to be seen that the influence of the department devoted to the school is widespread, and most effective among the class which it is intended to benefit. It touches the hearts of thousands, it quickens intelligence, and it points out the ways to usefulness in the future. A prominent New York school official writes in regard to the publication of the notices: "This has been done in the city of New York with benefit, as I believe, to both pupils and schools." The Mayor of Boston writes: "Your idea of giving prominence to the peculiarly meritorious pupils of the schools meets my approval." Said a principal of a school: "I am satisfied, after watching the workings of this matter, that there is no agency in our public schools which exerts such a powerful influence with the boys and girls as a notice in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

POLISHING UP FOR THE WEDDING.

This sketch represents the Russian *Mujika* (emancipated serfs) scouring the parquet of a ball leading to the apartments of the Duke and Duchess in St. Petersburg. The serfs wore red and drab shirts, and their scouring-brushes were strapped to their feet. Their movements reminded the artist of clumsy skaters trying to navigate on rough ice.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT ST. PETERSBURG.

The subjects of our sketch were received on the Russian frontier by officers of high rank, accompanied by the British military *attaché* to the Embassy. At a station more than eighty-five miles from St. Petersburg they were greeted by the Czarowitz and Czarevna, who had left the capital early in the morning by special train. The Emperor Alexander II. accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and members of the Imperial family of Russia received the royal guests on the platform of the Warsaw Station, and a general exchange of Royal and Imperial kisses followed. Then the band of the Imperial Regiment played "God Save the Queen," and "God Bless the Prince of Wales." After introductions, the entire party drove to the Anitchkoff Palace in close sleighs and carriages. The broad streets were lined with people who welcomed their English guests with Russian cheers. The first carriage only contained the Czar and the Prince of Wales, sitting side by side.

GOING TO COURT AT ST. PETERSBURG ON THE RUSSIAN NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Our illustration of the Imperial mode of traveling in St. Petersburg is not calculated to discourage the leaders of fashion in Harlem Lane. The horse looks like a California Broncho after a week's run on cactus and Mexican sage-brush, while the driver is no better appearing than a Hoboken hack-driver. The Imperial gentleman in the rear of the vehicle, with an owl roosting on his patent leather helmet, has a fair countenance, however, and his seal-skin coat outshines the most elegant of those on our own avenues. As he was out to a ball the night before, he is late, and is anxious to get to court before it closes.

BLESSING THE RIVER NEVA AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Three days after the arrival of the royal party in St. Petersburg, the annual ceremony of blessing the River Neva took place. Everybody stood except the Emperor and Empress, for whom two chairs were provided. The service, consisting of chanting, singing and prayers, was very impressive, and the Metropolitans of Novgorod—St. Petersburg and Moscow took part in it. They were venerable bearded men, clad in robes bedecked with gold and silver, and were surrounded by their cross-bearers and attendant clergy. The supreme dignity of the day was the Metropolitan of Novgorod—St. Petersburg. Before and after him were borne preciously-bound books, gold crosses studded with jewels, the cup for the river-water, on which are engraved sacred subjects, such as Moses striking the rock, and various pontifical insignia. After a break in the procession came the Czar at the head of his royal visitors, his family, his courtiers, and his soldiers. The ceremony at the river-side only lasted a few minutes. From an opening in the platform of the river-side temple, a flight of wooden steps led to the ice, and then after the booming of guns across the ice-field, covered with pools by the thaw, and much singing and chanting, the Winter-shield of the Neva was pierced, and the sacred cup dipped into the flowing water. The Crucifix was laid in the stream, and the river was blessed. The Czar and the Grand Dukes kissed the hand of the Metropolitan, a picture of Our Saviour was carried round the gallery, and the banners of the Russian armies were also blessed with the consecrated water. The cup of Neva water was handed to the Czar, who touched it with his lips, and then, according to custom, filled it to the brim with gold pieces. As the Metropolitan passed, officers ran forward, kissed the sacred picture, and bent their heads to receive the sprinkling of the holy water. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, the populace crowded forward with bottles, teapots, and all sorts of vessels, eager to get some of the sacred water. Not content with a bottleful, they dipped their hands in it, washed their faces, sprinkled their heads, and crossed themselves with it. Old women knelt by the water's edge to perform their act of devotion. A mother sprinkled with it the bundle of wraps containing a baby under her cloak.

THE DUKE AND THE DUCHESS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GREEK MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

THE service which preceded the Anglican was as follows: The rings of the couple having been exchanged, and a prayer offered, the betrothal ceremony ends, and the wedding proper begins. The priest asks the Duke if he takes the woman before him of his own free will, and if he is engaged to another. The same questions are put to the bride, and satisfactorily answered. *Ecclesia* prayers follow. Meanwhile crowns of gold have been presented to the officiating priest, who, taking them, advances to the Duke, and, making the sign of the cross three times, presents the effigy of Christ for him to kiss. Then the couple are crowned, and the priest quotes a scriptural passage beginning with the words, "Thou hast put crowns of precious stones upon their heads." After the usual portion of the fifth chapter of Ephesians has been read, exhorting wives to be obedient to their husbands, the choir bursts forth with the anthem, "Glory be to Thee, Lord."

Then the pair drink three times from the "Common Cup," which is supposed to render the marriage indissoluble. Rising from their knees, under the Archbishop's stole they join hands, and march round the altar three times, having previously passed through the royal gates. Having completed the third circle, in allusion to the eternity of their marriage, the crowns are removed, both kiss the crucifix, and the rite is at an end, when the parents kiss, and are kissed by the newly-wedded pair, and then, for the first time, the Duke kisses his wife.

ENGLISH PAUPERISM.—The diminution in pauperism which has marked the last four years in London is due to the carrying into effect a more vigorous organization in regard to those seeking both public and private aid, and a great deal of this is due to the Charity Organization Society, whose energy in this respect has served to stir up the energy of others. One of the best deeds of this society has been to turn in many instances the ample streams of endowed charities into those channels where they are the most needed, by putting those requiring and deserving relief into communication with them. The endowed charities of London are estimated at £700,000 a year, exclusive of the enormous sums annually given. How great these latter are may be estimated by the fact that during the past year no fewer than eighty donations of £1,000 each have been made, and one of £5,000, in addition to a multitude of smaller sums.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

MR. SOTHERN is acting in Boston.

"LEATHER STOCKINGS" is drawing crowded houses at Niblo's.

NEILSON begins an engagement at Booth's, April 20th.

BARNES WILLIAMS proposes to build a new theatre in Philadelphia.

BARNUM has gone to Italy in search of curiosities for his museum.

THE demand for tickets to Miss Cushman's readings in Richmond is enormous.

LAWRENCE BARKETT, Lotta and Lydia Thompson are playing in New Orleans.

MR. J. W. FLORENCE talks of entering into theatrical management in New York.

BOUCHACULT's share of the receipts for the first week of his engagement in San Francisco was \$4,109.

MRS. CAROLINE RICHINGS BERNARD and troupe have been giving some good concerts at Steinway Hall, New York.

RONCONI, the baritone, will remain for the present in Havana, where he has formed classes for musical instruction.

MENDELSSOHN'S Oratorio, "St. Paul," was sung in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to a large and reverent audience.

THE Darwinian Orchestra has arrived at the Colosseum. Its success is due to the principle of natural selection and survival of the fittest.

PATTI and GOUNOD have entered into a compact, the result of which was the production of "Mireille," at St. Petersburg, on February 3d.

M. LOUIS DACHAU, organist of St. Ann's Church, in Twelfth Street, New York, will produce, during Lent, for the first time in this city, the Passion music of Bach.

MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING, formerly of Mr. Beecher's choir, recently sang at Exeter Hall, London, in "Elijah," under the auspices of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

LUCCA having separated from the Havana Opera Troupe, Ilma di Murska is the only *prima donna* at present. Lucca will sing in New York in German opera shortly.

A NEW YORK letter says Clara Morris's claim to the title of the great American actress is now undisputed. She is the modern Siddons, the one woman of genius who treads the English-speaking boards.

THE latest Parisian extravaganza is entitled "La Branche Cassée." The music, by M. Serpette, is the work not only of a musician happy and facile, but of a melodist of the best school. The tunes are captivating.

DURING the rehearsal or repetition of Ambrose Thomas's "Amleto," at the Grand Opera, Paris, M. Faure (*Hamlet*) lost his mother; M. Meckler (first gravedigger) lost his father; M. Mermet (second gravedigger) and M. Hayet who replaced M. Mermet, lost their mothers-in-law; M. Lamarche, secretary, and M. Colonnille, régisseur, died. To crown all, the theatre was burned on the morning of the day which would have witnessed the one hundredth performance of "Amleto."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A CHURCH near Bergen, Norway, which can contain nearly 1,000 persons, is constructed entirely of paper-maché.

THOMAS THORNEYCROFT, of Wolverhampton, England, a manufacturer of railway axles, says that a hollow axle, with an internal diameter of 3½ inches, and an external diameter of 5 inches, is three times as strong as a solid axle 3½ inches in diameter.

THOSE simple and useful household articles, knitting-needles, are made in the United States only at Lawrenceville, Pa., where about 500 varieties are produced. New Haven, Conn., is the only place in the country where common sewing-needles are made entirely by machinery.

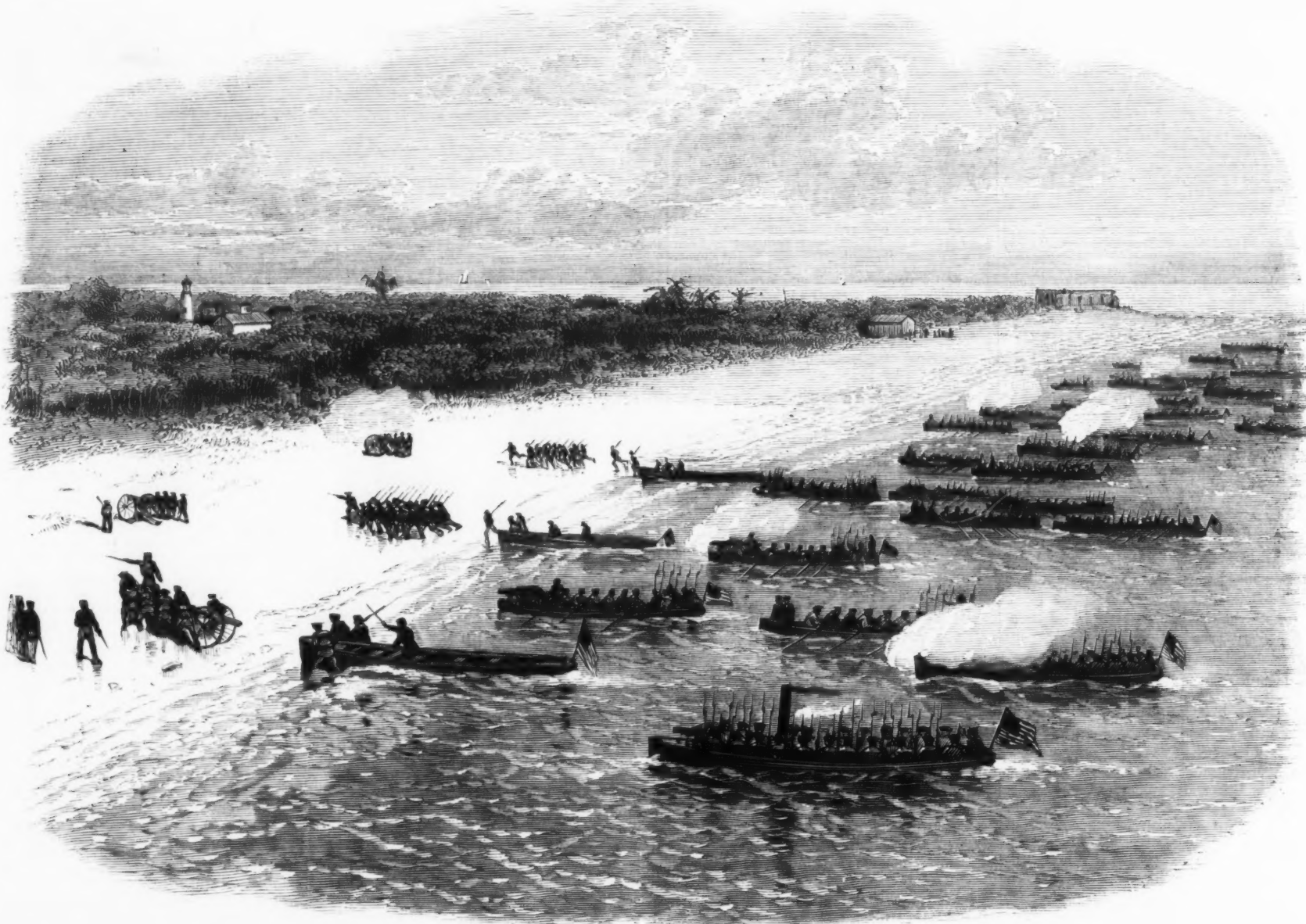
AS AN excellent and easily manufactured varnish for wicker-work, Mr. F. Rhien recommends the following composition: One part of good linseed oil is boiled down to a syrupy consistency, and mixed with twenty parts of copal. This mass is then diluted with oil of turpentine to the proper thickness. The varnish dries easily, and remains elastic, so as not to crack by the bending of the basket.

FRANCE possesses 1,982 large bridges, of which 861 were built before the commencement of the present century, 64 during the First Empire, 180 under the Restoration, 580 in the reign of Louis Philippe, and 297 since 1848. Of these bridges, 854 are constructed completely of masonry, 9 are fixed iron bridges, 100 are built of masonry and wood, 14 completely of wood, and 20 are of a mixed character. These 1,982 bridges have together a length of nearly eighty miles.

PROF. GARROD has set up a hypothesis that nerve force is generated by thermo-electricity, generated by the difference in temperature of the inside and outside of the body. The experiments of men exposed for a long time to a temperature equaling the blood heat appear not to favor this hypothesis, because notwithstanding it must be acknowledged that such a temperature is not promotive of health or comfort, the simple fact that man can live in an atmosphere of which the temperature equals that of the interior of the body is a proof that nerve-force does not depend on this. It depends, of course, on the consumption of food, absorption of oxygen by the act of respiration, and the continual repairs of all the tissues, nervous and muscular, by the materials contained in the blood.

THE London *Lancet*, speaking of sewing-machines, says that many workers at sewing-machines do suffer very materially in their health. One of the heaviest forms of machines is that employed in "braiding," and young women working in this department have suffered very materially, and have been compelled to discontinue the employment. But the distress is not confined to one class of employees; it seems to affect pretty generally all those who use their feet alternatively as the motive power of their machines. If a steam engine can drive many spinning machines or looms, one does not fancy there could be much difficulty in giving the necessary motion to sewing or braiding machines, the work of which is not one whit more intricate.

THERE are at present twenty-three jet mines in full work, only one of these being of soft jet. The average number of men employed in each mine is six, and there are now some hundred and fifty miners engaged in this industry. Hard jet varies in price from 75 cents to \$3.50 per pound, according to size and quality, and sometimes also according to the fluctuations of the market. When the Prince of Wales's life was in danger, Whitby was thronged with buyers for both the raw and manufactured article at any price, and some speculators were severely bitten by his happy recovery. It is stated that the turn-over in rough English hard jet amounts to \$200,000 annually. The material is manufactured as follows: The jet is first peeled and stripped of its skin, be it blue or yellow, by means of a manual chipping process with a heavy iron-handled chisel. It is then sawn up into the exact sizes for the object for which it is intended, the saw being guided by an ingenious arrangement of little wooden directors.



THE NAVAL DRILL AT KEY WEST.—THE BOAT ATTACK ON THE SOUTH BEACH.—SKETCHED BY C. W. TIFT.

THE KEY WEST NAVAL DRILL.

WE present illustrations of the Naval Fleet while going through its manœuvres at Key West, in Florida Bay.

According to the official schedule, the following named vessels composed the assembled Fleet:

Wabash, Captain S. R. Franklin; *Franklin*, Captain E. Simpson; *Colorado*, Captain G. M. Ransom;

Lancaster, Captain S. Nicholson; *Brooklyn*, Captain W. T. Truxton; *Congress*, Captain A. C. Rhind; *Worcester*, Captain W. D. Whiting; *Poichatan*, Captain J. C. Beaumont; *Alaska*, Captain S. P. Carter; *Ticonderoga*, Captain E. Barrett; *Canandaigua*, Captain R. B. Lowry; *Shenandoah*, Captain T. Scott Fillebrown; *Junata*, Commander D. L. Braine; *Ossivee*, Commander John Watters; *Wachusett*, Commander B. B. Taylor; *Wyoming*,

Commander W. B. Cushing; *Kansas*, Commander A. V. Reed; *Shamut*, Commander H. L. Howison. Ironclads: *Ajax*; *Dictator*, Captain W. F. Spicer; *Canonicus*; *Mahopac*, Commander James O'Kane; *Manhattan*, Commander A. R. Yates; *Saugus*, Commander A. E. K. Benham; *Wyandotte*. Tugs: *Dispatch*, Lieutenant-Commander Frederick Rodgers; *Pinta*, Lieutenant-Commander H. H. Gorringer; *Fortune*, Lieutenant-Commander

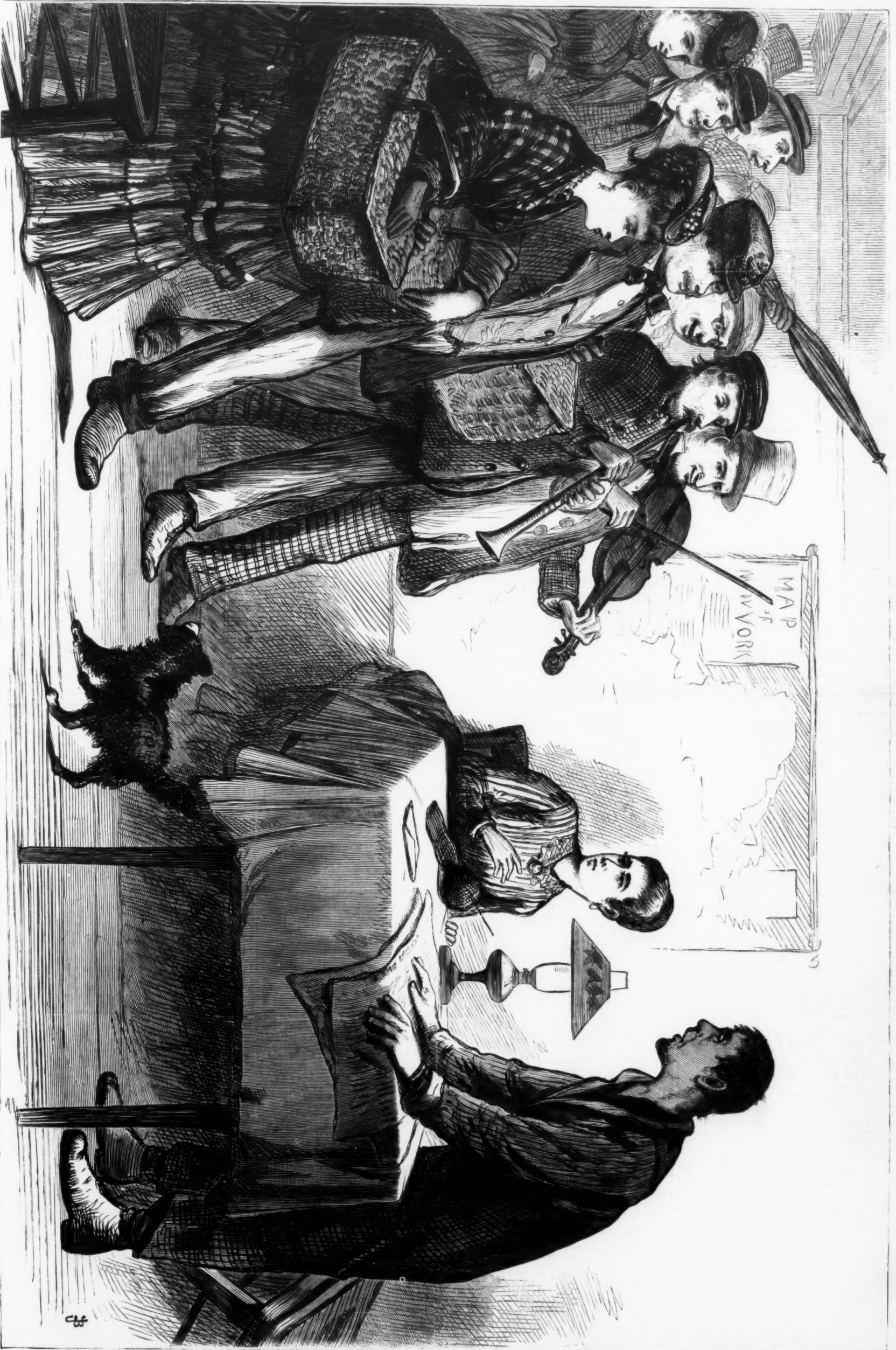
F. M. Green; *Mayflower*, Lieutenant-Commander N. M. Dyer.

Of this Fleet only the *Wabash*, *Franklin*, *Colorado*, *Lancaster*, *Congress*, *Alaska*, *Ticonderoga*, *Canandaigua*, *Shenandoah*, *Wachusett*, *Wyoming*, *Kansas*, *Mahopac*, *Manhattan*, *Saugus*, *Dispatch*, *Pinta* and *Fortune* are actually on the station. The intention had been to manœuvre the vessels

(Continued on page 427.)

Flagship *Wabash*. *Congress*. *Wyoming*. *Canandaigua*. Tug *Fortune*. *Colorado*. *Wachusett*. *Shenandoah*. Tug *Dispatch*. *Lancaster*. *Alaska*. *Kansas*. *Franklin*.

THE NAVAL DRILL AT KEY WEST.—THE VESSELS IN LINE PREVIOUS TO SAILING, ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 3D.—SKETCHED BY HARRY OGDEN.



COUNTRY PLEASURES IN WINTER.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE SURPRISE PARTY.—DRAWN BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 429.

TOO LATE.

THE wind is raving, the night is chill,
Drearly drips the rain;
Yet all alone by the window-sill,
My face on the frozen pane,
I dream of the days that were once so glad,
Days that are now so sorry and sad,
And wish for them back in vain.

'Twas under those elms I saw him last,
Striding in wrath away,
And as his shadow the sunset past
I would not bid him stay,
But shrunk still more from the rosy light,
Lest of my face he should get a sight,
So proud was I that day.

I am humbled since. Oh, love, my love!
If I could see you now,
I should feel so blest, that the blest above
Such bliss could hardly know,
And the gem which my folly flung away
Would be held to a happy life to-day;
Ah, God, that it were so!

We both were erring, we both were wrong,
But the greater error mine;
For I knew, though bitter and harsh your tongue,
That you loved me all the time;
And you thought me heartless, you thought me high,
Though all the while I was nothing but shy,
And frightened to own my time.

Ah! many a year has sped since then,
(Hearken the storm gull's cry!)
Yet still I sit by the window-pane,
And watch for your coming by,
And watch, and weep, and wait in vain,
Only to see you smile again,
And kiss you before I die.

DEATH IN LIFE;

OR,

THE FUTURE OF A FORGERY.

CHAPTER XXX.—BYARS TRIUMPHANT.

JUST before he left his office for the day, David Byars received a final visit from Peter Tisdale, who said that he had come to learn his determination concerning the South Atlantic stock. Tisdale was not as cheery and smiling as usual, and spoke in a firm and determined way. Byars, on the contrary, was in an excellent humor. In fact, the two men seemed, for the time being, to have changed characters.

"The extension is about up," said Tisdale, "and I am compelled to say that I can have no trifling in this matter. Unless you accept my offer, and put me in possession of the paper I demanded, I shall be obliged to come down on you at once."

"You will have to come down, then," mildly replied Byars, "as I am fully as inflexible as ever. It is only a few hours since I refused a proposition similar to yours, made by another party."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. The party was Charles Henshaw, a young lawyer, who has married Clement Whipple's half-sister. He has got hold of my Rock Island contracts, and he offered to release me from them if I would give up that paper to him. It seems that young Whipple left the matter in charge of a cousin of his, named Phillips, with instructions to get hold of the paper, at any price, as I suppose, and this Phillips and Henshaw have been working together for that purpose. I have not yet seen Phillips; but I told Henshaw to request him to call on me to-night, and I shall probably meet him. Until that interview is ended, I cannot say with absolute certainty what I shall do; but you require an answer, and my answer is that I refuse to accept your proposition."

"This is a final refusal, then?"

"As far as you are concerned, you may so consider it. I suppose that I might have accepted both propositions and established my affairs at once; but I have chosen to remain firm in the discharge of my duty, whatever may be the cost."

"Your firmness is sheer obstinacy, and what you call your duty is nothing but a desire to revenge yourself upon Clement Whipple's dead father."

"Don't fly into a passion, Mr. Tisdale, and don't make charges that you can't sustain. I do not know who you are, and cannot imagine what interest you have in this affair; but it must be a powerful interest that has induced you to do what you have done. If I were not certain that you could not have so completely disguised yourself, I should be inclined to believe that you are no other than Clement Whipple."

"Don't talk nonsense. Do you really believe that Clement Whipple is alive?"

"I know it. That is, I know that he was not killed in that railway accident. The person who was supposed to be Whipple proves to have been a man named Robert P. Denslow, and the ring that was found upon his body has been identified by his widow. That much is certain, and I have reason to believe that Whipple is still alive. My duty, therefore, is plain. I must preserve the evidence of his crime, and bring him to justice."

"I suppose you know the consequence of your refusal to accept my proposition?"

"I suppose I do."

"The consequence will be ruin to you."

"Will it? Let us see how that matter stands. There is more than one kind of ruin. The worst ruin is ruin of character, and mine will not suffer. I can only be ruined financially, and what does that amount to? Just nothing at all. I have had a large surplus these many years, and it has been an annoyance to me. I have used it in the stock market, because I needed the excitement of business, hardly caring whether I gained or lost. I place no value upon money of itself. I have been figuring the thing up carefully, and I find that, at the very worst turn affairs can take, I shall have about fifty thousand dollars left. That is plenty to keep me comfortably during the remaining years of my life. I have always been more or less exercised in mind by the declaration of Scripture that it is hard for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. If I get rid of my riches, and especially if I lose them in the cause of justice, my conscience will be clear, and that weight will be off my mind."

Peter Tisdale had risen from his chair, and was pacing the room excitedly, his red face redder than ever. Now he stopped and faced the broker, who was twirling his thumbs and smiling complacently in his chair.

"Is that your notion of a Christian character?" he exclaimed; "a character made up of spite and revenge, of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness? I am thankful that the attributes of God Almighty are not yours, and that you cannot usurp His office. I belong to no such Church as that of yours. It would be a good school for training devils to superintend the torments in the infernal regions, but would never suit for the education of angels. Do you suppose that your sins will ever be forgiven while you refuse to forgive the wrong that others

do to you? No; your hardness of heart and your stubbornness in hatred will sink you far beyond the lowest depth of those whom you persecute or punish in this world. You will feel the truth of what I say when your contemptible arrogance and self-righteousness shall burn like flax in the flame of the judgment. But it is useless to try to stir your iron-bound heart. It would not be moved if an angel should step down from heaven to trouble the waters. An angel did step down, and humbled herself before you; but you treated her with scorn, and she now bears witness against you, in that court where justice will be meted to you more surely than you can deal it out to your fellow-offenders here."

The broker rose from his chair before Tisdale had finished his invective, and stood there stiffly, with his hands clenched at his side, his face purple with passion, and his eyes bloodshot and rolling wildly in their sockets.

His singular appearance attracted the attention of Tisdale, who rushed to him and caught him just as he was falling back in a state of syncope.

Tisdale hastened to get some water, which he dashed vigorously into the face of the other, who came to his senses in the course of a few moments, and stared stupidly about.

"A tendency to apoplexy," muttered Tisdale. "He had better keep himself clear of excitement. Perhaps he may want to see me when he gets over this, and I must let him know where to find me."

The visitor wrote his name on a card, which he laid on the table, and left the office.

Mr. Byars appeared to have entirely recovered from the attack at nine o'clock that night, when he was seated in his library, expecting a visit from Matthew Phillips.

The library, though not as elegant in its appointments as the rest of the mansion, was a very comfortable affair, the most conspicuous articles of furniture being two well-filled bookcases, a lounge, a small iron safe and a table. Here the broker kept his private papers, and here he occasionally transacted business with favored parties. He was seated at the table when Phillips was announced, his grim features relaxed into a complacent expression, his hands joined in front of his spare form, and his thumbs twirling mechanically.

Phillips entered with the air of a business man who was making a business call, and bowed slightly as he took the chair that Mr. Byars handed him. He knew the nature of the man with whom he had to deal, and did not need to study the hard face before him.

"I am Matthew Phillips," he said. "Mr. Charles Henshaw informed me that you wished to see me."

"Just so. I am glad to see you, Mr. Phillips. I wanted to ask you a few questions concerning the supposed death of Clement Whipple. You witnessed that catastrophe, I understand?"

Phillips bowed.

"I will be obliged to you if you will detail the circumstances of the occasion, as I am anxious to know, for a certainty, whether Whipple is really dead. Are you sure that the remains which were buried as his were actually his?"

"It seems to me, Mr. Byars, that it is not worth while to reopen that investigation. If there is really any question in your mind concerning the death of Clement Whipple, which you could not settle upon the facts presented to you long ago, I suppose it must remain unsettled. I am informed that you read the accounts which were published at the time of the accident, and that you made some investigations of your own. I have no new facts to offer, and am here for the purpose of asking you whether you have concluded to accept the offer that was made to you this morning by Mr. Henshaw?"

"Very discreet, young gentleman—very discreet! You are careful not to commit yourself any further. But I must inform you that my decision in the matter you mention is closely connected with the settlement of that question concerning the death of Clement Whipple. As you are unwilling to give me any further information, I hope you will bear with me while I briefly review the information I have. The only evidence of young Whipple's death is your evidence, and you are here to correct me if I state it erroneously. Your account, as published at the time, declared that certain remains, which were buried beyond recognition, were those of Clement Whipple, that you had made his acquaintance in Boston, and were traveling with him towards New York. He was then known as Mark Hulford. You had remained near him, trying to extricate him, since you escaped from the car, and you were satisfied that the remains were those of Mark Hulford, from the position in which they were found. There was almost nothing by which he could be identified, except a ring on a finger, and it happened that there were initials on that ring which were the initials of neither Mark Hulford nor Clement Whipple."

"I have already heard that you have made this statement, Mr. Byars, and that you lay great stress upon it; but it proves nothing. People often exchange rings."

"They may sometimes exchange rings with their initials upon them; but it is unusual, I judge. I have made investigations concerning that ring, and have discovered that it was the property of a man named Robert P. Denslow, who was expected to return from Boston to this city at the time of that accident, and has not since been heard of. His widow recognized the ring, not only by the initials, but by other peculiarities. She also gave an accurate description of the coat her husband wore, a portion of which had been preserved, putting it beyond a doubt that the man who had been buried as Clement Whipple, or Mark Hulford, was no other than Robert P. Denslow."

Phillips turned pale while Mr. Byars was making this statement. His emotion was caused, probably, not so much by the developments that were made, as by the fact of the persistent and pitiless pursuit which those developments showed to have been made. But his increased pallor was the only evidence of his excitement.

"That is all possible," he said, "though you offer no proof to support your assertions. Supposing it to be true, what does it prove? Simply that I was mistaken in the remains, leaving it to be inferred that Mr. Whipple was among the unrecognized victims of the disaster. It is certain that he was never heard of again."

"Just so; but another man was heard of—a man who called himself Matthew Phillips, and who bore so close a resemblance to young Whipple, that he could be nothing less than a relative, as he claimed to be—a man, too, who took the greatest interest in Whipple's affairs. It was natural that the appearance of such a man upon the scene should provoke an investigation, and I was not at all surprised when that investigation disclosed the fact that Clement Whipple had no cousin named Phillips, and that no people of that name were in any way connected with the Whipple family."

Matthew Phillips could smile now, although the smile was a bitter one. He would soon know the worst, and he hoped to bear it bravely. He could only "see it through."

"You consider me an impostor, then?" he said.

"That is not the name I should give you. I am sure—nearly as sure as I am of my own identity—that you are Clement Whipple."

"I claim to be. I hope I am."

"Do you not believe in forgiveness of sins, and in the efficacy of repentance?"

"To a certain extent, no doubt."

"If ever a man repented of wrong-doing, Mr. Whipple has repented of that wrong, and he has tried to atone for it. He has offered every reparation in his power; but all his offers have been refused."

"Such a crime cannot be compromised, Miss Henshaw. It is unlawful to compound a felony, and I would have laid myself liable to punishment by accepting his offer. The only reparation he can make is to submit patiently to the penalty imposed by offended justice."

"He has already suffered terribly, and justice ought to be satisfied."

"Justice acknowledges no punishment but that

which it inflicts with its own hand and in its own way."

"Does it follow that you should constitute yourself the minister of justice, that you should play the part of an avenging angel or demon, that you should hunt down an offending fellow-creature, so relentlessly? What mercy do you expect will be shown to you, if you show no mercy to others?"

"I am afraid that you are getting excited, my dear young lady. This is not a case to be decided by the feelings. I know my duty, and cannot swerve from it."

"Your duty does not require you to become a prosecutor. No one but you would move in this matter. The proofs, if there are any, are in your possession. You have only to destroy them, and the prosecution is at an end."

"I have not kept those proofs so carefully and so long, refusing for them not only their money value, but offers that would have saved me from financial ruin, to be tempted by a woman's tongue to destroy them now."

A woman's tongue! Julia thought that there was a taunt hidden in those words. Whether there was or not, she determined that David Byars should know what one woman's tongue was made of, and she threw as much scorn and incredulity as she was capable of into her tone, when she replied:

"There can be no truth where there is no heart. A man who has spent his life, as you have spent yours, in sordid money-making, would coin his blood for cash. You would gladly have given up those papers for far less than the offers that were made you, if you had had them to give. As you could not give them up, you have sought this miserable mode of venting your spite. I see it all now. The prosecution is a sham, and there are no such papers in existence."

"Indeed, Miss Henshaw, you are very presumptuous!" angrily exclaimed the broker, as he started up from his seat. "I am not accustomed to having my word doubted, and cannot allow it. You shall see the papers, and then you will know that the prosecution is not a sham."

He hurriedly stepped to the inner safe, which he unlocked with a key which he took from his pocket, opened a small drawer, and brought out two strips of commercial paper. He carried them back to where Julia was seated, and held them before her eyes.

"Here they are! Do you see them? Do you know what they mean? These are the forgeries of Clement Whipple. These are the papers that will send him to the Penitentiary, as sure as he lives. Do you still doubt my word? Are you satisfied that the proofs are in my possession?"

Julia looked at the bits of paper, as if she would gladly snatch them and destroy them. David Byars may have seen this desire in her eyes, as he held them within her sight, but out of her reach. Having permitted her thus to inspect them, he returned them to their place in the drawer, locked the safe, and replaced the key in his pocket. He was trembling with excitement when he seated himself on the lounge.

Julia changed her tactics. She sunk upon her knees, humbling herself before that stern and obdurate man, and turned upon him her full battery of tearful and eloquent eyes.

"Is there no mercy in your heart?" she implored. "If you have none for him, I must pray you to be merciful to me. I love him, and I might be his wife, if this cloud could be removed from his life. I know that he has deeply repented for that wrong act, that his punishment has been severe, that he has suffered fearfully. He is still young, and many years are before him, to be filled with happiness or misery. Will you destroy his life, forcing him to spend his best years in a prison, and cutting him off completely from all hope? Will you destroy my life, too, shutting me off from every prospect of happiness, and sending me down to the grave with a widowed heart? You hold two lives in your hands. Are you willing to ruin them by an act which is as uncalled for as it is cruel?"

David Byars's face wore a look of extreme annoyance. It could be seen that he was not touched by this appeal—only bothered—and he spoke fretfully and peevishly.

"I can't listen to this sort of talk any longer, Miss Henshaw. I can't allow my motives to be questioned by any one. As I have already told you, this is not a question to be settled by the feelings, but by the principles of justice, and the law must take its course. You must excuse me, as I have very important business to attend to this morning, and can spare no more time."

There was another change. Julia rose as he rose, and confronted him with a look in which there was no more entreaty, a face from which all traces of tears had vanished.

In the place of tears was the hot flush of anger, and her eyes pierced him with a scorn that could not be expressed in words. As the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest, she held him with her glittering eye, and forced him to stand and listen.

"You shall hear me through!" she exclaimed. "You speak like a coward. You skulk behind the principles of justice, ashamed to confess that it is your own selfish will that is doing this wicked work. As for feelings, I know that you have none, except a feeling of petty spite and miserable malignity. You seek to disguise it under the name of duty; but the pretense is too transparent. Yes, you may well wince, for I know the whole shabby history. I know that you once loved a woman—or fancied that you loved her, for you could not wish to destroy her son if you had ever really loved her. It is no matter what means were employed to induce her to marry another, or whether she or any one else were in fault. You are no man if you can now be false to her memory, and pursue with your hate an object she once loved—an object she still loves. Do you believe in life after death? You think you do; but you never allow yourself to realize what it means. She lives—you may be sure of that—and she sees you now; and your most secret thoughts are spread out before her, and her pure eyes look through every motive that you try to cover from the world. If you carry out this black act to its full accomplishment, she will be an avenging angel on your track, and you will cry in vain for that mercy which you refuse to show to others. Every tear of hers will be a milestone round your neck, to drag you down to perdition. It is no wonder that you shudder and turn pale."

It was something more than shuddering and turning pale that was the matter with David Byars. He was standing there rigidly, as he had stood before Peter Tisdale in his office—his hands were tightly clenched at his sides, his eyes were bloodshot and staring wildly, and his face was purple and swollen, as if all the blood in his body had crowded the chambers that led to his brain.

As Julia started back from him in terror, he fell heavily upon the lounge, and lay there rigid and silent, his eyes open and fixed, and a bloody froth standing on his lips. If not death, this was death's counterfeit.

A sudden resolve seized Julia Henshaw, and as sudden was the action that followed it. As the thought flashed upon her, her face turned deathly pale, her rich, full lips were compressed to a line, and her eyes were hard with a strong determination.

CHAPTER XXXI.—A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

WHEN Matthew Phillips did not return to the Henshaw mansion, which had become his home, its inmates were greatly excited and dismayed. It was known that he had gone to visit David Byars, and it was only too easy for Julia to guess why he had not returned. She at once went to ask counsel of her brother, who was about seeking her with the same purpose.

"It is an arrest," she said, when Charles had expressed his surprise at the disappearance of Phillips. "Mr. Byars has drawn him into a trap, and has caught him."

"I don't understand. Why should Byars want to arrest him? What has he done?"

"You are blind, Charles, and I must open your eyes. I have known it all along, and I promised to keep the secret; but it is a secret no longer. Matthew Phillips is your old friend, Clement Whipple. I think you might have guessed it."

"That explains everything. I wondered at the resemblance and at many other points that were strange; but I am not as bright as you are. Did he tell you that he is Clement Whipple?"

"I did not need to be told. I knew it, and he admitted it. I asked him not to go to visit David Byars last night, but he thought that he might gain something by a personal interview with that man, and I am sure that he has been entrapped and arrested. The only question is, what shall be done about it? It rests with you and me, and we must effect his release, by fair means or foul."

"We must, indeed. All means are justifiable, considering Mr. Byars's motive; but we must try fair means first, and I will see out a *habeas corpus* at once."

"And I will go and see David Byars."

"What can you do there, Julia?"

"I don't know. I will learn what I can, and leave my action to be governed by circumstances."

"We must not mention this to Nellie."

"No. We may let her know that he is in trouble, but must not tell her that he is her brother."

While Charles hastened down-town to prepare the papers for his application for a *habeas corpus*, Julia made ready and went to David Byars's house. The broker had passed a restless night, and in the morning he felt weak and not altogether satisfied with himself. Affairs had come to a crisis with him, as well as with Clement Whipple. His financial race appeared to be ruin, he must announce his suspension that day, and then nothing would remain but to accept such a compromise or settlement as his creditors might choose to make. Even the remembrance of his triumph over Peter Tisdale and Clement Whipple could not prevent him from feeling nervous and despondent.

He had taken his hat and cane, and was about to saunter forth, when there was a ring at the door, and he was informed that a lady wished to see him.

"Show her in," he ordered, surprised that he should have such a visitor, and he awaited her in the library.

He was yet more astonished at the vision of loveliness that burst upon him, at the clear and healthy complexion, the wonderful large eyes, the healthy form and the marvelously tasty attire of the young lady who entered.

"My name is Julia Henshaw," she said, "sister of Charles Henshaw, with whom you are well acquainted."

"And daughter of an old friend of mine. I am very glad to see you, Miss Henshaw. Please take a seat, and tell me to what I am indebted for this great honor."

"As your time is valuable, Mr. Byars, I will come to my business at once. A gentleman named Matthew Phillips was here last night."

"A person who called himself Matthew Phillips was here."

"As you please. Where is he now?"

"You assume that I know where he is, and I would only be speaking the truth if I should tell you that I do not know; but it would not be the entire truth. If he is a friend of yours, I am sorry for you that you should have such a friend. It is my duty to inform you that he has imposed himself upon you under a false name, that he is not Matthew Phillips, but Clement Whipple. He is, moreover, a forger, who has rendered himself liable to punishment for a felony, and he is now in the custody of the law."

"I have heard that he has been charged with such a crime; but, are you not a Christian, Mr. Byars?"

"I claim to be. I hope I am."

"Do you not believe in forgiveness of sins, and in the efficacy of repentance?"

"To a certain extent, no doubt."

"If ever a man repented of wrong-doing, Mr. Whipple has repented of that wrong, and he has tried to atone for it. He has offered every reparation in his power; but all his offers have been refused."

"Such a crime cannot be compromised, Miss Henshaw. It is unlawful to compound a felony, and I would have laid myself liable to punishment by accepting his offer. The only reparation he can make is to submit patiently to the penalty imposed by offended justice."

"He has already suffered terribly, and justice ought to be satisfied."

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"I have not kept those proofs so carefully and so long, refusing for them not only their money value, but offers that would have saved me from financial ruin, to be tempted by a woman's tongue to destroy them now."

A woman's tongue! Julia thought that there was a taunt hidden in those words. Whether there was or not, she determined that David Byars should know what one woman's tongue was made of, and she threw as much scorn and incredulity as she was capable of into her tone, when she replied:

"There can be no truth where there is no heart. A man who has spent his life, as you have spent yours, in sordid money-making, would coin his blood for cash. You would gladly have given up those papers for far less than the offers that were made you, if you had had them to give. As you could not give them up, you have sought this miserable mode of venting your spite. I see it all now. The prosecution is a sham, and there are no such papers in existence."

"Indeed, Miss Henshaw, you are very presumptuous!" angrily exclaimed the broker, as he started up from his seat. "I am not accustomed to having my word doubted, and cannot allow it. You shall see the papers, and then you will know that the prosecution is not a sham."

He hurriedly stepped to the inner safe, which he unlocked with a key which he took from his pocket, opened a small drawer, and brought out two strips of commercial paper. He carried them back to where Julia was seated, and held them before her eyes.

"Here they are! Do you see them? Do you know what they mean? These are the forgeries of Clement Whipple. These are the papers that will send him to the Penitentiary, as sure as he lives. Do you still doubt my word? Are you satisfied that the proofs are in my possession?"

Julia looked at the bits of paper, as if she would gladly snatch them and destroy them. David Byars may have seen this desire in her eyes, as he held them within her sight, but out of her reach. Having permitted her thus to inspect them, he returned them to their place in the drawer, locked the safe, and replaced the key in his pocket. He was trembling with excitement when he seated himself on the lounge.

Julia changed her tactics. She sunk upon her knees, humbling herself before that stern and obdurate man, and turned upon him her full battery of tearful and eloquent eyes.

"Is there no mercy in your heart?" she implored. "If you have none for him, I must pray you to be merciful to me. I love him, and I might be his wife, if this cloud could be removed from his life. I know that he has deeply repented for that wrong act, that his punishment has been severe, that he has suffered fearfully. He is still young, and many years are before him, to be filled with happiness or misery. Will you destroy his life, forcing him to spend his best years in a prison, and cutting him off completely from all hope? Will you destroy my life, too, shutting me off from every prospect of happiness, and sending me down to the grave with a widowed heart? You hold two lives in your hands. Are you willing to ruin them by an act which is as uncalled for as it is cruel?"

David Byars's face wore a look of extreme annoyance. It could be seen that he was not touched by this appeal—only bothered—and he spoke fretfully and peevishly.

"I can't listen to this sort of talk any longer, Miss Henshaw. I can't allow my motives to be questioned by any one. As I have already told you, this is not a question to be settled by the feelings, but by the principles of justice, and the law must take its course. You must excuse me, as I have very important business to attend to this morning, and can spare no more time."

There was another change. Julia rose as he rose, and confronted him with a look in which there was no more entreaty, a face from which all traces of tears had vanished.

In the place of tears was the hot flush of anger, and her eyes pierced him with a scorn that could not be expressed in words. As the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest, she held him with her glittering eye, and forced him to stand and listen.

"You shall hear me through!" she exclaimed. "You speak like a coward. You skulk behind the principles of justice, ashamed to confess that it is your own selfish will that is doing this wicked work. As for feelings, I know that you have none, except a feeling of petty spite and miserable malignity. You seek to disguise it under the name of duty; but the pretense is too transparent. Yes, you may well wince, for I know the whole shabby history. I know that you once loved a woman—or fancied that you loved her, for you could not wish to destroy her son if you had ever really loved her. It is no matter what means were employed to induce her to marry another, or whether she or any one else were in fault. You are no man if you can now be false to her memory, and pursue with your hate an object she once loved—an object she still loves. Do you believe in life after death? You think you do; but you never allow yourself to realize what it means. She lives—you may be sure of that—and she sees you now; and your most secret thoughts are spread out before her, and her pure eyes look through every motive that you try to cover from the world. If you carry out this black act to its full accomplishment, she will be an avenging angel on your track, and you will cry in vain for that mercy which you refuse to show to others. Every tear of hers will be a milestone round your neck, to drag you down to perdition. It is no wonder that you shudder and turn pale."

It was something more than shuddering and turning pale that was the matter with David Byars. He was standing there rigidly, as he had stood before Peter Tisdale in his office—his hands were tightly clenched at his sides, his eyes were bloodshot and staring wildly, and his face was purple and swollen, as if all the blood in his body had crowded the chambers that led to his brain.

As Julia started back from him in terror, he fell heavily upon the lounge, and lay there rigid and silent, his eyes open and fixed, and a bloody froth standing on his lips. If not death, this was death's counterfeit.

A sudden resolve seized Julia Henshaw, and as sudden was the action that followed it. As the thought flashed upon her, her face turned deathly pale, her rich, full lips were compressed to a line, and her eyes were hard with a strong determination.

Bending over him, she took from his vest-pocket the key that he had lately replaced there, and ran to his iron safe and unlocked it. She threw wide the door, drew out a little wooden drawer, and hastily took from it those two slips of paper, the evidence of Clement Whipple's forgery. These she thrust into her bosom, and in a twinkling put back the drawer and closed and locked the safe. Then she hastened to the lounge, and replaced the key in the vest-pocket of what appeared to be the corpse of David Byars.

These movements had been executed with the greatest possible celerity, although it seemed to Julia that she had been occupied about them a long time. When they were finished, a revulsion came over her, and she was nearly ready to faint. But her task was not ended; she must summon help for the man who lay there on the lounge.

She stepped to the bell-ropes, and pulled it vigorously several times, and threw open the door as a man came running to the library.

"Something is the matter with Mr. Byars," she said. "I think he has a fit. One of you had better run for a doctor."

"I know—he has had them before now," said the man who first appeared.

He sent one of the girls for the physician who usually attended Mr. Byars, and directed the other to bring water and ice and towels. He then sat at work as if he knew what ought to be done, and Julia waited and assisted him until Mr. Byars gave signs of returning consciousness. Then, as she was no longer needed there, she quietly left the house, meeting the physician at the door.

CHAPTER XXXII.—LADY MACBETH.

DOCTOR BLISTER was grieved as well as surprised at the unexpected marriage of Nellie, and her change of residence.

There had been several occurrences at the house of which he was the titular lord, that he did not understand, and he was at last moved to emerge from his laboratory and ask an explanation of his wife.

The explanation was given, in a manner that was satisfactory to him, if its details were not altogether pleasant.

His wife admitted that she had deceived him in representing Nellie as her adopted child; but the reason that she gave was flattering to his vanity, and men of science have their weak points, as well as other people. Her love for him had been so intense, she said, that she could not have survived the affliction of losing him, and she had feared that he might not be willing to marry her if he should learn that she had been divorced from one husband. Her relations with Maurice Whipple she explained to suit herself, and painted the character of that gentleman in colors that were by no means pleasant to look upon. He had proved himself such a tyrant, that she had found it necessary to leave him, and the divorce that had been granted her showed that her complaints were well-grounded. This sounded reasonable enough to Doctor Blister, who was not acquainted with the peculiar statutes that then regulated the subject of divorce in the State of Indiana. On the question of Nellie's marriage, he was not disposed to agree with his wife in regretting it, except as it deprived him of the pleasure of her society.

"I believe she has got a good husband," he said. "I did not see much of the young gentleman, it is true; but I considered him a fine young man—a man of principle and a man of brains. What more would you have?"

"It would have been much better if she had married Mr. Chetlain," said Mrs. Blister, with a sigh.

"I cannot think so. I did not like him. He was not the man for her. And then he was a gambler." "You don't understand, my dear professor, Nellie was entitled to a large estate."

"Ah! This is some more news."

"A considerable amount of property was coming to her, under the will of her father. He carried his hatred of me to such an extent, that he not only shut me out from a share in his property, but declared that she should receive none of it unless she should be removed from my control. As her marriage would be a compliance with that condition, I was willing to consent that she should marry."

"Correct you were, Madame Blister. And she is married, and that question is settled."

"Not so fast, my dear professor. It was proper that I should remember my own rights, and that I should not be forgetful of the interests of my son, our darling Mackwitz."

"Ah! the dear Mackwitz! But what had he to do with it?"

"A portion of that estate rightfully belonged to me. I should have had at least one-half of the amount that was left to my daughter. But a woman has no rights under the law. As the law will not deal justly with her, she must deal justly with herself if she can. My rights are those of our Mackwitz. What I gain for myself is gained for him. Although he is a boy who gives indications of a rare intellect, I am afraid that he will not have that practical capacity that brings riches. As for you, although your scientific attainments are great and admitted, you are not a man to make money. When you get any, it is invested in experiments and researches, that may be very valuable to science, but are unprofitable to yourself."

"Correct you are, Madame Blister. I should look after the dollar; but I cannot keep it when I get it."

"My little fortune is dwindling away, and it is necessary that I should look out for Mackwitz, that there may be something left to him. If I could get half the amount that had been left to my daughter, I thought, the remaining half would be enough for her, and the future of Mackwitz would be secure. It could only be gained by marrying her to a man who would recognize my rights and give me the share which should be mine. Such a man was Mr. Chetlain, whose love for my daughter induced him to make a contract with me to that effect. If he could have married her, the division would have been quietly made, she would have been none the wiser for it, and Mackwitz, through his mother, would have been greatly benefited."

"An excellent scheme—a beautiful plan—but it failed."

"It failed—that Henshaw stepped in and overthrown it; but I have another."

"Another plan? A plan to get money? Those are the good plans—the right plans! Let me have it!"

"Nellie has received that money since she has married, and it is a great sum, more than two hundred thousand dollars. I have thought, Why should not Mackwitz have it all, instead of a pitiful half? My plans have not failed—they have simply been overruled and changed for the benefit of that dear child. That property has been secured to Nellie, and is invested in her own name. Under the laws of this State she can hold it, and it belongs to herself and her heirs. I am now her next of kin. Her brother would have been her heir if he had lived; but he is gone, and none of that family are living."

if she should die, all that property would go to me, and through me to Mackwitz."

"Very true—if she should die, but she is young and healthy. And then, heirs may come."

"It would be necessary that she should die before the heirs come."

THE KEY WEST NAVAL DRILL.

(Continued from page 424.)

very thoroughly on their way to the Tortugas, but the uncertainty of finding plenty of sea-room, and the danger of running upon hidden reefs or treacherous shoals, made the principal officers wary, and there was very little attempt to hazard future usefulness by present unnecessary risk. The line was changed so as to bring the vessels into a single column, in the following order:

Wabash, Pinta, Congress, Canandaigua, Wyoming, Fortune, Colorado, Wachusett, Shenandoah, Dispatch, Lancaster, Alaska, Kansas, Franklin.

With few exceptions the line was fairly regular. Occasionally a vessel broke from the line, and lost her regular distance and position. All the movements of the vessels were regulated from the flagship.

The poop and quarter-decks of the several vessels were constantly occupied by the signal-men and the officers whose special duty it was to note the movements of the Fleet. All day long signals regulating the speed, position and sails of the vessels were running up and down from the mastsheads, making the utmost vigilance necessary. As the Fleet approached the Tortugas the flagship signaled to spread fore and aft sails. The *Colorado*, the heaviest armed vessel of the fleet, at once spread her canvas, and slackened the speed of her engines. So great was the impetus, however, that the little tug *Fortune* had to sheer off to avoid being run down, but the speed of the *Colorado* increasing with the wind, her commander was obliged to telegraph to the flagship that with fore and aft sails his vessel could not keep in position, owing to her speed. The *Franklin*, which closed the column, had fallen a long distance in the rear, but, on a signal from the flagship "to bear up to anchorage," she rapidly closed the distance, and when Fort Jefferson, at the Tortugas, was sighted,

"But people do not die for the benefit of other people. That is a faint chance."

"It can be made a certainty."

"Made a certainty! What is that you say? Let me understand your meaning, Madame Blister."

(To be continued.)

the *Wabash* steamed about five miles off to the left of the line, and, casting anchor for the night, signaled to the others to do the same.

The principal manoeuvres were forming columns of vessels, right and left obliques; forming at half-distances; moving by right and left flanks, and forming in echelon, besides exercises in furling and unfurling sails; general exercises in beating to quarters and clearing ship for action; a mimic engagement; a general discharge of blank broadsides; boarding an enemy and repelling boarders; sounding a fire-alarm, and extinguishing an imaginary fire. On the 15th inst. there was a general exchange of visits, Commodore Parker visiting the different vessels. Target exercises with ralls followed, and a mock landing on the beach with twenty-five thousand men was made.

The following will aid one in more clearly understanding the diagrams given:

A Fleet is in natural order when the van is on the right of the line, and in reverse order when the van is on the left.

The North Atlantic Fleet, commanded by Rear-Admiral A. L. Case, is separated into three divisions, viz.:

VAN, OR RIGHT DIVISION.

U. S. S. Congress, Ticonderoga, Canandaigua, Fortune.

CENTRE DIVISION.

Colorado, Wachusett, Shenandoah, Wyoming.

REAR, OR LEFT DIVISION.

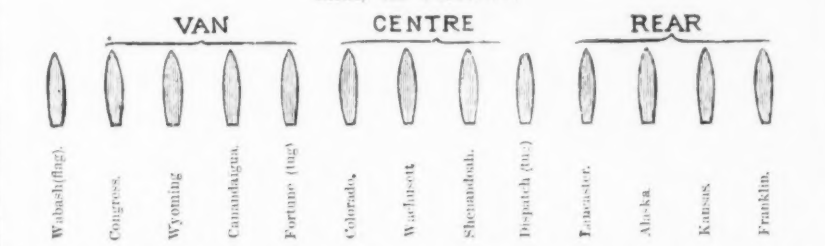
Lancaster, Alaska, Kansas, Franklin.

RESERVED DIVISION.

Monitors.

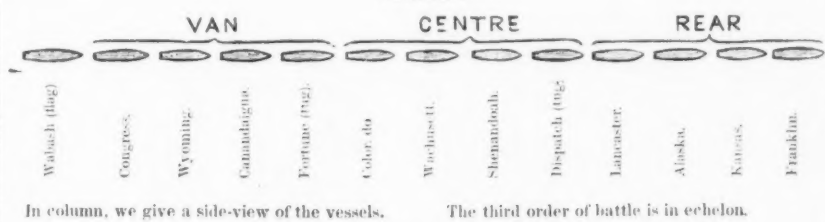
On the morning of February 3d the Fleet steamed out and anchored to the southward of the reef, in

LINE, AS FOLLOWS:



In manoeuvring, the *Wabash*, flag-ship, took her position to suit the Admiral. On February 4th, the Fleet steamed (not sailed) to the westward in column (reversed order) as follows:

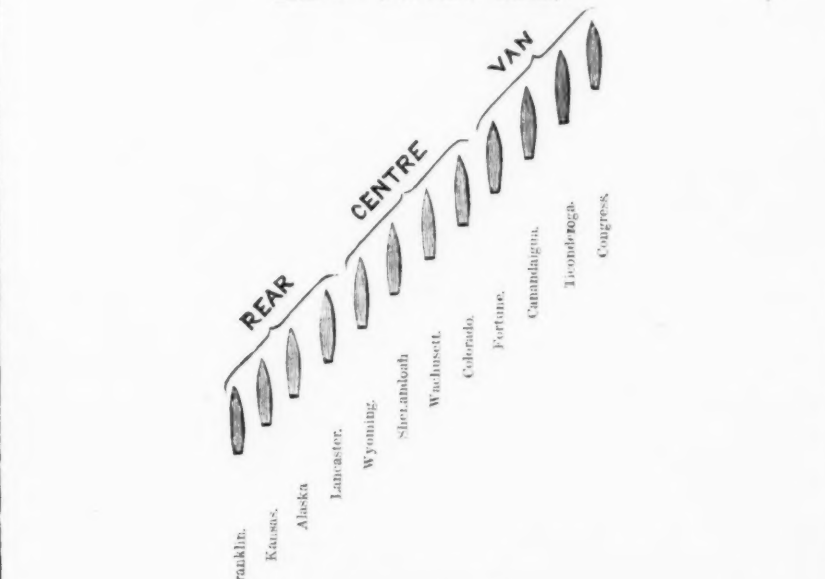
COLUMN:



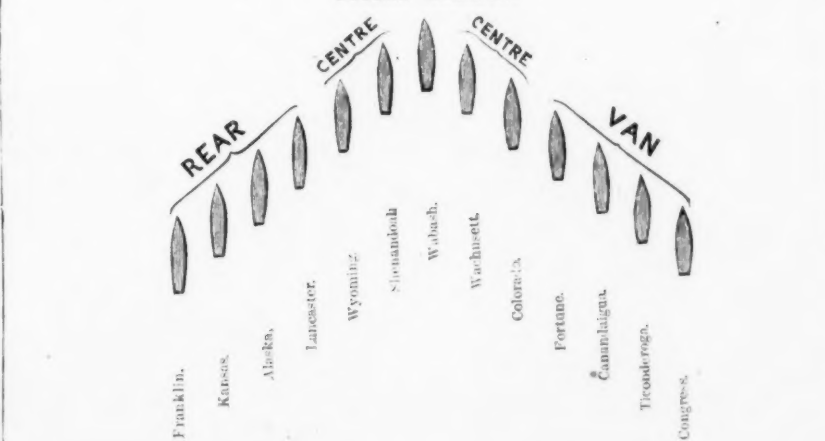
In column, we give a side-view of the vessels.

The third order of battle is in echelon.

ECHELON (NATURAL ORDER).



DOUBLE ECHELON.



The Commanders of the Divisions, are: Van, Captain Ryan. Centre, Captain Ransom. Rear, Captain Simpson.

The *Ticonderoga's* officers and crew were complimented by Admiral Case for tidiness of dress and promptness in drill, etc. The Admiral said: "It shows what can be done in a short time."

PERSONAL.

EDWIN BOOTH's income is said to be \$75,000 a year. The 12 Rothschilds are worth about \$1,000,000,000.

A statue of the poet Burns is to be erected in Glasgow.

RED CLOUD's son is reported to have been killed by the Sioux.

AGASSIZ's old Alpine guide is living in Sullivan County, New York.

"WARRINGTON" (W. S. Robinson), of the Springfield Republican, has gone to Europe.

WILL S. HAYS, the musical composer and editor, is a journeyman job printer in Louisville, Ky.

BAYARD TAYLOR is collecting materials in Germany for a joint biography of Goethe and Schiller.

MARK TWAIN says that he is the only true and genuine person who did not write Saxe-Holm Stories.

BISMARCK's eldest son, Lieutenant Herbert von Bismarck, has been appointed *attaché* of the Prussian legation in Dresden.

MINISTER WASHBURN, in Paris, is overruled with applications from Americans for tickets to President MacMahon's state balls.

MOLIERE, Heranger, Gautier and Taine are among the great writers in France who sought in vain for admission to the French Academy.

MRS. BREWOOD, an American lady, recently made the ascent of the Faulhorn and Matterhorn, and she purposed to ascend the Jungfrau.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has gone to Milan to join the Princess Clotilde, and they will return together to Paris, where they propose living permanently.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard College, has gone to Europe on a three months' visit, to investigate the educational systems of Oxford and Cambridge.

PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB, of Washington, has been elected a corresponding member of the Section of Astronomy in the French Academy of Sciences.

THE Polish Princess Czartoryska has made over the whole of her immense fortune and vast landed possessions to a Roman Catholic convent at Posen.

THE Empress of Russia has sent Queen Victoria a portrait, by Gustav Richter, of the Grand Duchess Maria, the new daughter-in-law of the Queen.

CASTELAR is described as a man of middle height, thick-set and bald-headed. He goes a great deal into society, and his manners are extremely affable.

LORA HAINES is the latest lady preacher in Boston. She has been studying for the ministry for several years. Her age is thirty, and her face is pleasing.

MR. J. W. BROOKS, of New York, son of the late James Brooks and heir to his interest in the New York *Evening Express*, heads the board of Yale literary editors for 1874.

THE Rev. Dr. McCosh is writing a history of Scottish Philosophy. It will be, to a great extent, biographical, embracing the lives of a hundred or more eminent men of Scotland.

GEORGE ELIOT works on an average six hours a day, and rarely accomplishing in that time more than 300 or 400 words. But her labors are so exhausting that she devotes all the remainder of the time to recreation and rest.

THE ex-King of Naples, who lost his throne and four splendid palaces, resides in a humble dwelling near Paris. He recently said to a sympathizer that exile has its afflictions, but it has also its lessons, and they were profitable to him.

CARDINAL CAMILLO TARQUINI, long the power behind the Papal throne, is dead. He was born at Marta, Montefalco, Central Italy, September 27th, 1810, and elevated to the dignity of the Cardinalate by the Pope, January 16th, 1874.

MR. OLIVER JOHNSON, the youngest of the twelve Abolitionists who organized the first anti-slavery society in the United States on the principle of immediate, in distinction from gradual, emancipation, is writing a brief series of papers concerning his knowledge of the early anti-slavery days.

M. LACHAT, who defended Marshal Bazaine on his trial, has declined to take any fee, and the ex-Empress Eugenie has sent him a present as a souvenir of the event. The ex-Queen of Spain has assumed the costs of the trial, and has offered to provide for the education of Bazaine's children.

WASHINGTON Confederates say that Jefferson Davis's departure for Europe was greatly hastened because General Joseph E. Johnston's book on the war is about to appear. Davis's friends induced Johnston to take out one chapter, but he is almost merciless in the exposure of Davis's incompetency.

A VIRGINIA member has presented to Congress a resolution providing for the completion of the monument to Washington's mother, in the burial-ground near Fredericksburg. Many years ago a corner-stone for a monument was laid with much ceremony by General Jackson, and other notable men, but since then the project has remained untouched.

SPEAKER SHADD (colored), of the Mississippi House of Representatives, was born in Delaware, and is thirty-seven years old, a printer by trade, and has been editor of a newspaper in Canada. One of his sisters is principal of a high school in Washington City, and another is principal of a high school in Louisiana. He has a brother practicing law in Arkansas.

IN a recent sermon on hero-worship, Mr. Beecher said: "So long as the world stands we shall admire the intellectual force of Napoleon; but, as the world grows older, it will less and less call him a full hero, because in his disposition and nature he was malign, without moral principle and without any spiritual instinct. He was a hero on the lower plane of life."

VICTOR HUGO, who attended a session of the French Academy, for the first time in twenty-five years, on the recent occasion of the election of M. Dumas and two other members, promised his vote to the novelist in these words: "I will break with my habits and re-enter the French Academy expressly to vote for the son on whom I gave battle in the great literary conflicts of 1830."

THE Rev. Mr. Brownlow, as he appears in the United States Senate, is one of the noticeable objects of that body. He is a tall, dark-haired man, pale even to his lips, with no color or life in any part of his body, save his restless eyes, that grow bright at intervals. He never speaks, nor moves, nor calls a page, nor smiles, nor talks to his neighbor. Attendants carry him to his seat at twelve, and back to his solitary home at five. There he sits during the long hours, silent and ghostlike, twitching perpetually with a ferribe palsy.

MISS SEWARD is announced to give a literary entertainment in Washington. To this young lady, when Olive Risely, William H. Seward proposed marriage, though many, many years her senior. The temptation of money and position was probably great, but she refused the offer. Subsequently he adopted her, and, with him and his daughter, she made that celebrated journey during which Mr. Seward received more attention than has ever been extended to an American citizen. At his death he bequeathed a fortune to her, and she now assumes the name of her generous and grateful friend.



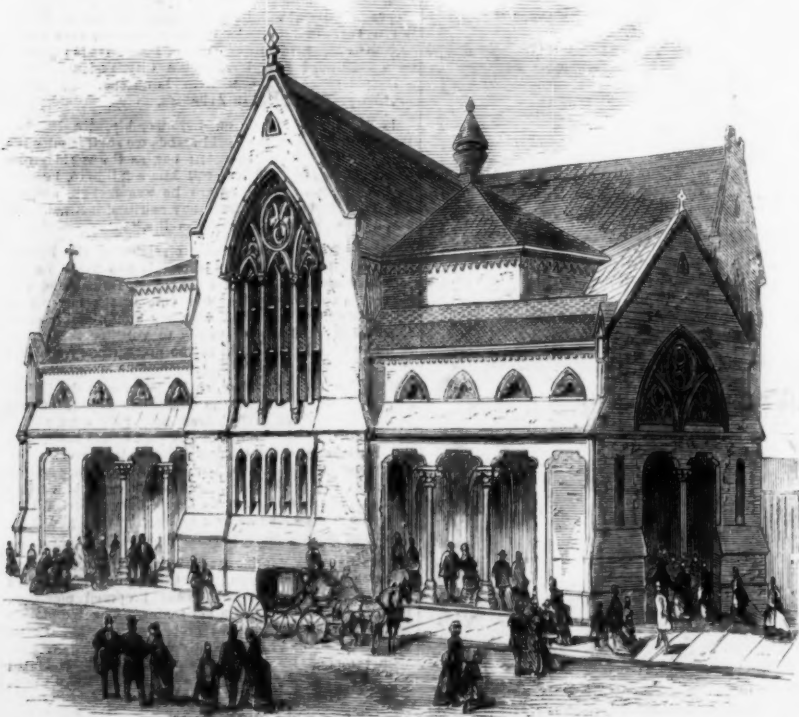
HON. PRESTON H. LESLIE, GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.

GOV. LESLIE OF KENTUCKY.

PRESTON H. LESLIE the present Governor of Kentucky, was born in that State, March 2d, 1819, of poor parents. Though a common farmer's boy, and used to hard labor, he was fond of reading, and every dollar he could get was spent for books. When nearly grown to manhood, a friend loaned him a small sum, which enabled him to attend school through one session. Afterwards he worked for farmers, and improved his spare time in reading law. In 1840 he studied in the office of General Rice Maxey. A year later he was admitted to the Bar, and became a partner of his preceptor. After the death of his father he supported the family. As soon as eligible, he was sent to the Legislature, where he served for eight years. During the last two years he was Speaker of the Senate. Having filled an unexpired term of six months as constitutional successor of Governor Stevenson, he was elected Governor, on the Democratic ticket over General J. M. Harlan, and inaugurated September 5th, 1871. Governor Leslie is a strong Democrat, with a certain sentiment of Southern loyalty. But he is always an American. He is opposed to the usual pardoning clemency shown and exercised by many Governors, and it is proverbial in the State that pardons are no longer within the easy reach of personal influence or political powers.



EN ROUTE TO KEY WEST.—THE GALE OFF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—U. S. MONITOR "AJAX" AFTER PARTING FROM THE "OSSIPES."—SKETCHED BY DR. H. H. MITCHELL.



THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE, ON SCHERMERHORN STREET, BETWEEN NEVINS AND POWERS, REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PASTOR.

THE "AJAX" IN A STORM.

IT has been asserted by those who ought to know that our Government ironclads could not survive a severe gale at sea, but the experience of the monitor *Ajax* entirely refutes this opinion. She left Norfolk for Key West on February 3d, in fair weather, but three days afterwards the sea began to roll heavily and a storm came on. Great waves dashed over her turrets, and at night a terrific thunderstorm arose and the sea entirely submerged them. The vessel was more buoyant than had been expected, and even when the cable connecting her with the *Ossipee* parted she bravely weathered the storm and went on her course.

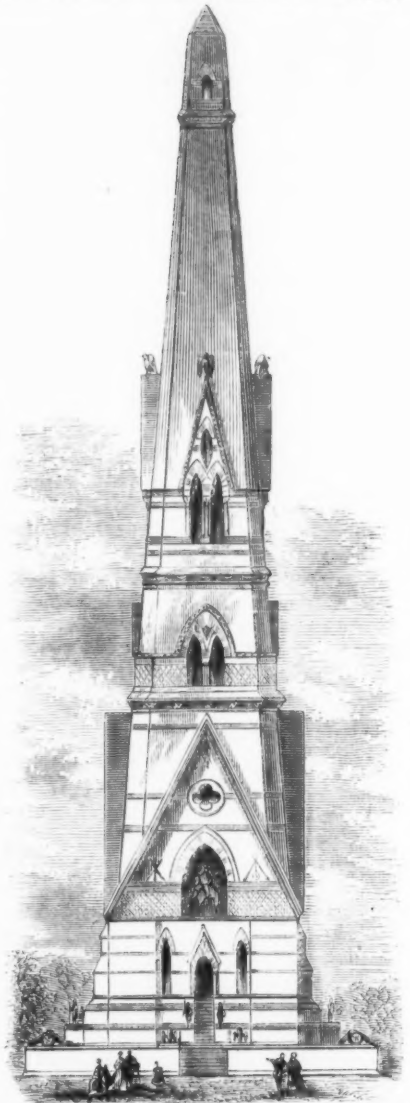
REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, AND THE NEW TABERNACLE.

THIS distinguished divine, who has made himself famous by his sermons and editorials, belongs to the order of free-thinkers of which Mr. Beecher and Mr. Frothingham are the leaders. But his free-thinking is subdued by a spirit of refinement and true Christian philanthropy. He has repeatedly refused to have his salary increased, and the Board of Managers have offered him \$25,000 a year if he would allow them to auction off the pews. But to this he would not consent, holding the belief that the Church of God should be free to all. The pews are not rented, but are given to the holders for whatever they will pay, who are entitled to them until ten minutes before the services begin.

T. De Witt Talmage was born in Bound Brook, N. J., in 1833, and is forty-one years of age. He was a student in the Rutgers Theological Seminary in New Brunswick, N. J., where he graduated with high honors. He came to the city of Brooklyn in the year 1869, and preached at the Central Presbyterian Church, now the Lay College, where he immediately established himself as a popular and powerful preacher.

This church was found to be too small for Mr. Talmage's rapidly growing congregation, and the result was the erection of the first Tabernacle, which was burned down December 22d, 1872. The new building, from the design of Mr. John Welch, architect, is the best development of the amphitheatre plan, with a descent of nine feet from the outer line of seats to the pulpit.

The corner-stone of the new edifice was laid on the 7th of June, 1873; the completed Tabernacle was dedicated on Sunday, February 22d; and on Monday evening, February 23d, the grand opening organ concert took place. The building is nearly as fireproof as possible, and is perfect in its acoustic properties. It is lighted from the centre by three enormous and very handsome chandeliers of unique pattern. The seats, as formerly, enable every one to see and be seen, and to hear the pastor. The new Tabernacle covers an area of one hundred and fifty by one hundred and twelve feet, and the first floor will seat about



PROPOSED SARATOGA MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE BURGoyNE'S SURRENDER.

containing conveniences for the erection of commemorative and historical tablets, the exhibition of relics from the battlefield, including some of the captured cannon, and niches for bronzes representing some of the prominent actors in the great event.

The cost of the main shaft, bronzes, etc., is estimated at \$300,000. The officers of the Monument Association are named as follows: Hamilton Fish, President; Horatio Seymour, James M. Marvin, John A. Dix, Nelson K. Hopkins, Vice-Presidents; William L. Stone, Secretary; Charles H. Payne, Treasurer. We give an illustration of the proposed structure from the architect's plans.

A COUNTRY SURPRISE PARTY.

ONE of our open-page engravings shows a well-known country scene. The farmer, all unconscious of the presence of neighbors, while reading his favorite paper and book, with his wife sitting near by with her sewing, is suddenly surprised by the opening of the door, the scrape of a fiddle, and the ominous tread of feet. What to him was an irruption of robbers appears at last, in the revelation of the oil-lamp, to be a bevy of fair women and a group of smiling men, who, depositing their baskets on the table, familiarly take possession of the chairs. The room is soon cleared, the farmer hastens to don his coat; the fiddle breaks

3,000 people—the gallery accommodating 1,300 more. The organ is grand, very imposing and rich, and full of melodious expression. It is probably only surpassed by the grand organ in Boston.

Mr. Talmage lives in Quincy Street, Brooklyn, with his family. He is an indefatigable worker, and what with sermons, editorials, preaching and visiting, his time is fully occupied. He has been editor of the *Christian at Work* since September, 1873, and has conducted it very successfully. His sermons are published every week, and then issued in book-form in New York.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

A FEW distinguished citizens of New York State have taken active steps to erect a monument at Saratoga in commemoration of the surrender of Burgoyne on the plains of Saratoga, in 1777. The event was the turning-point in the American struggle for freedom. The proposed monument is to be of the obelisk form, 60 feet square at the base and 10 feet at the summit, and 230 feet in height; accessible to its top;



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PASTOR OF THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVA PEARSALL.

forth, and the dance begins. Then the baskets are opened, showing eatables of all descriptions, each lady having provided the best specimen of her cookery, in amiable rivalry with her neighbors; for each one is sure to peep at what the other has brought. The scene is only a humble one in the sight of city eyes; but for cheerfulness, and for sentiments that make the heart grow warm, and neighborly good feeling to be cherished for many a day, commend us to the homely country surprise party, when the snow lies on the ground, and the fiddle suddenly scrapes at the door.

HON. NEWTON BOOTH,
GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA, AND UNITED
STATES SENATOR-ELECT.

NEWTON BOOTH was born in Indiana, and he is about forty-five years old. He studied law at Terre Haute, but went to San Francisco to practice his profession. He did not find the law lucrative, and he opened a store at Sacramento; but failing in business, he returned to Indiana. It was not long before he was again at Sacramento. This time his business was successful. He amassed a considerable fortune. In the State Senate, to which he was elected, he made a good impression. He was both adroit in the use of legislative technicalities and eloquent in debate. At the last gubernatorial election he won the executive chair of the State. He was elected by those who were opposed to the Central Pacific Railway, and while he has been Governor, he has fought that power relentlessly and with great effect.

When Senator Casserley resigned, Governor Booth became a candidate for the vacancy. He was opposed by the Central Pacific Railway. But after a severe struggle, during which he displayed remarkable skill in manipulating men, he was victorious. That election was a defeat to the Central Pacific Railway politicians. He will take his seat in the United States Senate next year.

In person, Governor Booth is not large, but he is very handsome, and he carries testimony of his sentimental character in his appearance. His eyes are soft and liquid; his face is bold in outline, but almost effeminate in its mildness of expression; and his hair gives evidence of his tropical nature. He is a curiously pleasant combination of a practical man and a man of refined literary tastes. He is both a bookworm and a practical politician. In many respects he is like Roscoe Conkling. Much is expected from him when he shall reach the Senate. But he has been so successful in his own State, that the hopes of his friends need not meet with disappointment.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S CHARITY.

MANY soup-houses have been opened for the poor in New York City, but until Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald, gave thirty thousand dollars for their relief, no one dreamed of feeding them with soup from Delmonico's. At noon, on Wednesday, February 18th, the Bennett Soup Kitchens were opened: at No. 110 Centre Street, Sixth Ward; No. 79 East Broadway, Seventh; No. 285 Second Street, Eleventh; No. 53 Spring Street, Fourteenth; and others were established in different parts of the city, where the poor population is dense. All these soup-houses are under the careful



HON. NEWTON BOOTH, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA, AND U. S. SENATOR-ELECT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RUOPREN, SAN FRANCISCO.

supervision of Mr. Delmonico and his well-known chef de cuisine, Mr. Charles Ranhofer. Each establishment was supplied with one or two large iron boilers, holding from 100 to 140 gallons.

On the opening day each kettle of soup was composed of one hundred and sixty pounds of beef, two gallons of carrots, two gallons of turnips, two gallons of celery (green leaf), five heads of cabbage, one gallon of onions, three gallons of rice, eighty gallons of water.

The beef is of the best, consisting of choice rib and shoulder pieces. It is the intention of Ranhofer to furnish a different soup each day. No inferior or thin soup will be made, and all the ingredients will be of first quality.

At the station-house in each Ward where a soup-kitchen is located tickets are issued to all decent persons, those applying on behalf of families or children being served first. The tickets are printed on green pasteboard, and are to be had at the station-houses.

We give a sketch of the first kitchen which was opened, at No. 110 Centre Street, in the Sixth Ward. The entire second floor was occupied. The cooks were busy from 4 o'clock in the morning until dark. Captain Kennedy, of the 6th Precinct, gave his personal services to the work, and Captain Caddell, who is an old resident of the Ward, and well acquainted with all the poor and suffering people of the neighborhood, was detailed by the captain to examine applicants and see that no impostors were fed. Experienced philanthropists declared the soup the best they had ever tasted in an institution of the kind. A long counter was stretched across the kitchen, which is twenty-five feet front by fifty feet in depth. Outside of this counter the applicants were ranged, and each was served with the rich, hot soup in tin mugs, holding about a quart each.

Families who did not wish to make their poverty public sent pails and kettles, which were filled. Scores of little girls came, saying that their mothers were sick, or starving, and unable to leave their garrets.

Nearly 2,000 persons were fed on the second day in four Wards. In Spring, Centre, and Second Streets, and East Broadway, the soup was made principally of beans, meat and vegetables. The kettles are cleaned each day, and the rooms are as neat as a New England kitchen. On Friday, February 20th, soup-houses were opened at 114 Wooster Street, No. 302 Avenue A, Thirty-first Street and Seventh Avenue; Colored Mission, No. 135 West Thirtieth Street.

COMMERCE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

IN 1840 what is now the city of San Francisco was a wilderness, or more properly a sand-bank, projecting into the bay. It has become, in twenty-five years, one of the great commercial ports of the world. In 1857, a ship loaded at Lewis Wharf, Boston, with 9,000 barrels of flour for California. In 1873 there sailed from San Francisco 340 ships for Great Britain, entirely loaded with wheat, viz.: In January, 16; February, 28; March, 33; April, 19; May, 13; June, 28; July, 23; August, 17; September, 22; October, 36; November, 74; December, 31. There arrived at that port last year 32 ships in January, 24 in February, 29 in March, 10 in April, 13 in May, 14 in June, 21 in July, 28 in August, 18 in September, 20 in October, 36 in November, 24 in December; total, 269 ships, of which one hundred were from 1,000 to 2,000 tons burden. All of these were from foreign ports, bringing cargoes



HARD TIMES IN NEW YORK.—THE SOUP-HOUSE NO. 110 CENTRE STREET, ONE OF THE NUMBER INSTITUTED BY COMMODORE JAMES GORDON BENNETT, AND SUPERINTENDED BY L. DELMONICO.

amounting to \$33,000,000 in gold and paying \$8,000,000 duties into the Custom House. Besides these, 37 ships arrived from New York, from 800 to 2,500 tons each bringing freight lists amounting to one and one-half million dollars. Three barks and one ship arrived from Boston with freight lists of \$75,000.

Boston once had over one-third of the San Francisco trade, and sent thirty ships per annum to New York's fifty. It has now one-twentieth part of the shipping trade; that is, in sailing vessels. What a disgrace this is to the mercantile pride of Boston, and lost solely by her bad management and want of enterprise. New York now has a perfect monopoly of this vast trade. Boston manufacturers once counted on this business as one of their important branches, but it is now all gone, never to return.

By these figures, which we compile from official sources, what a marvelous progress is shown; its parallel cannot be found in the commercial annals of the globe. Seven hundred ships in and out in one year, not including its immense lumber and coasting trade, nor any of its steam navigation with home and foreign ports. And yet but in its infancy. It will soon load five hundred ships annually with wheat, perhaps this very year, and no limits can be set to the products of this wonderful country.

CHINESE IDEAS.

THE (miscalled) Celestial is a narrow-minded but exceedingly practical sort of being. He wants an ordered world, but one ordered only in a certain kind of way. Before his rapt Celestial vision lie the fruitful plains of the Great Flowery Land, lively and bright with the normal life of China, guarded on the north by snowy deserts which are happily far away from him, and on the south by stormy seas with great winds and waves which he does not tempt. His ideal is a happy family life, with age benignant, youth reverential, three or four generations living contentedly under the same roof; the fish-pond in front well stocked; grain abundant; tea fragrant; the village harmonized; the school well taught; the young Confucius of the family preparing for competitive examinations; the ancestral tablets going far back and recording honored names, the ancestral halls well gilded, and a fit meeting-place for the wise elders; the spirits of deceased ancestors comforted with offerings and loving remembrances, not left to wander friendless in the air; the holidays cheerful, with bright silks and abundance of savory dishes; the emperor benevolent; the people obedient; foreign devils far away or reverential; evil appearing only in the form of impossible demons, and hideous, wicked emperors, painted on the walls of his house as a warning to foolish youth; no change in old customs to perplex the mind; the sacred books reverentially read and remembered; the present definitely arranged; the fruitage of the past stored; behind, sages and emperors; around, happy families; beyond, a darkness with which he little concerns himself, but into which his spirit may occasionally float a short way on some Buddhist or Taoist idea.

FUN!

A GRATE discovery—Coal.
THE present day—Your birthday.
ONE who can always get bread when he kneads it—A baker.
WHY is a retired carpenter like a lecturer?—Because he is an ex-planer.
WHY are our firemen like a Probate Judge?—Because they both work with a will.
IT is strange that so much coal should be found when it is continually sought "in vain."
A LADY clergyman at Kittery, Me., recently performed the marriage ceremony for her son.
COMPENSATION.—The more prices go up, the more we have to "come down" for everything.
PARTIES going over the ocean should be warmly clothed. The steamers are always cooled.
LET your motto be, "Liberty or Death," and if it comes to the pinch, take the most of it in liberty.
A MAN in Duluth is so mean that he quarrels with his wife about the politics of the paper she expands her bustle with.
"WHAT are you doing there?" said a grocer to a fellow who was stealing his lard. "I am getting fat," was the reply.
WHEN a voyager makes his way to the top of the Pyramids, we presume he is enjoying the benefits of a foreign climb.
WHEN a naughty little boy breaks a window, he should be punished, on the principle that panes and penalties ought to go together.
THEY have posted up notices on the outside of the street-cars in Pittsburgh, to the effect that the cars will not wait for young ladies to kiss good-by.
ARK blacksmiths, who make a living by forging, or carpenters, who do a little counter fitting, any worse than those men who sell iron and steel for a living?
THERE was a room with eight corners. In each corner sat a cat; before each cat sat seven other cats, and on each cat's tail sat a cat. How many cats in all?
A BOY, to conceal it from his mother, placed a lighted cigar hurriedly in his pocket, where he had a lot of gunpowder. None of his clothes will ever do for him again.
A GENTLEMAN accidentally knocked the foot of his opposite neighbor. "I beg your pardon, was that your foot?" "No apology is necessary," replied the other, "I acknowledge the corn."
"I THOUGHT you were born on the 1st of April?" said a husband to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the 21st as her birthday. "Most people would think so, from the choice I made of a husband," was the reply.
A YOUNG man was complaining that, although he had tried his luck in all sorts of fairs and lotteries, he had never been able to draw anything. "Indeed," said his friend. "Well, suppose you try a hand-cart? You can draw that."
A POLITICAL orator, speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, said, that "on the field of battle he was always found where the bullets were thickest." "Where was that?" asked one of his auditors. "In the ammunition-wagon."
A PUBLIC man in this country was once accused of drunkenness, and one of his friends was very indignant. Some one suggested that public persons were always lied about. "Oh, I don't care for lies," he said; "but the trouble with this story is, they prove it!"

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Pattern Department,
FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL,
298 Broadway, N. Y.

The Idea of March.

The Idea of March was an eventful period in Roman history, and fraught with fate to great Julius Caesar, and in the future to his nephew, Octavian, subsequently the Emperor Augustus; and the Idea of the coming month of March, or rather the 31st day of that month, will be freighted with fortune to many in our own great republic. On that day will be the grand drawing of the grandest Gift Concert ever announced—that of the Public Library of Kentucky—when 12,000 gifts will be distributed. With such prizes as \$250,000, \$100,000, &c., which are to be distributed, it is not at all wonderful that the demand for tickets is unparalleled.

SO HIGH a reputation has the Union Square Hotel gained for its matchless cuisine, that strangers and visitors to this metropolis actually travel miles to enjoy a meal at its table. The fame of Mr. Savori is spreading fast, and the best European judges pronounce him equal to Lede and Sover. As we have tried the excellence of Messrs. Dam & Sanborn's repasts, we advise all who wish to know what a perfect breakfast, lunch, dinner or supper is, to try one of these meals, when they will acknowledge that the cuisine of the Union Square Hotel is not excelled by any establishment of the kind in the world. The perfect order, decorum, elegance and fastidious cleanliness have given to the restaurant department of Messrs. Dam & Sanborn's Hotel a reputation which cannot fail to make the quiet of a home, with the conveniences of the most fit, *par excellence*, the place for an epicure to feel the greatest satisfaction. In addition we may add that the charges are most reasonable. We trust our readers will test the truth of our commendation by giving the Union Square Hotel a trial. But the excellence of the cuisine is only one of the claims which Messrs. Dam & Sanborn have upon the community. They have the finest rooms in New York, admirably appointed. They have, in fact, trained domestics. The Union Square Hotel is also one of the most central spots in New York, being at an equal distance from all the leading places of public amusement, and in the very heart of fashionable shopping. The location is also one of the most eligible in the metropolis, not only for its healthfulness and pleasant position, but for its vivid prospect, as the *habitués* of the Union Square Hotel can from its windows see the complete panorama of American life ever presented. It is in this respect invaluable for foreign visitors, who are thus introduced into the very heart of American life.

AS THE young year is about escaping from its heavy swaddling clothes, thousands are preparing to enjoy the charming costumes it will soon assume. To these, whether professionals or amateurs, the Trianon Tablets of watercolor paints, manufactured by C. T. Reynolds & Co., will be found almost indispensable assistants. The tablets contain a variety of colors, durable, brilliant and simple to use, and are the most compact selection of choice colors for out-door sketching. They are highly recommended by Professor Weir, of the West Point Academy; Professor Smith, of the Naval Academy; E. R. Campbell, of "Easter Cross" fame, and other prominent artists. Whenever used they have more than answered anticipation.

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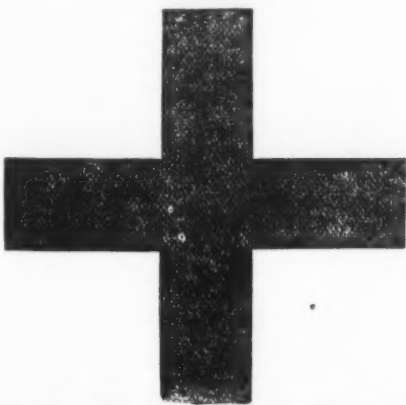
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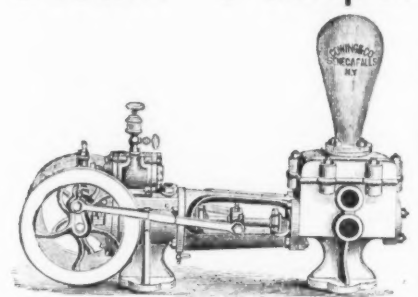
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